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Saturday Review

OCTOBER 24, 1970/50¢

Toward The Global Village

special report on communications satellites

The Public and Private Pepys

J. H. Plumb on England's greatest diarist

Far-Out Travel in Fara

ideas for an offbeat winter

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You used to invest your whole week's allowance to see us at the Saturday Matinee.

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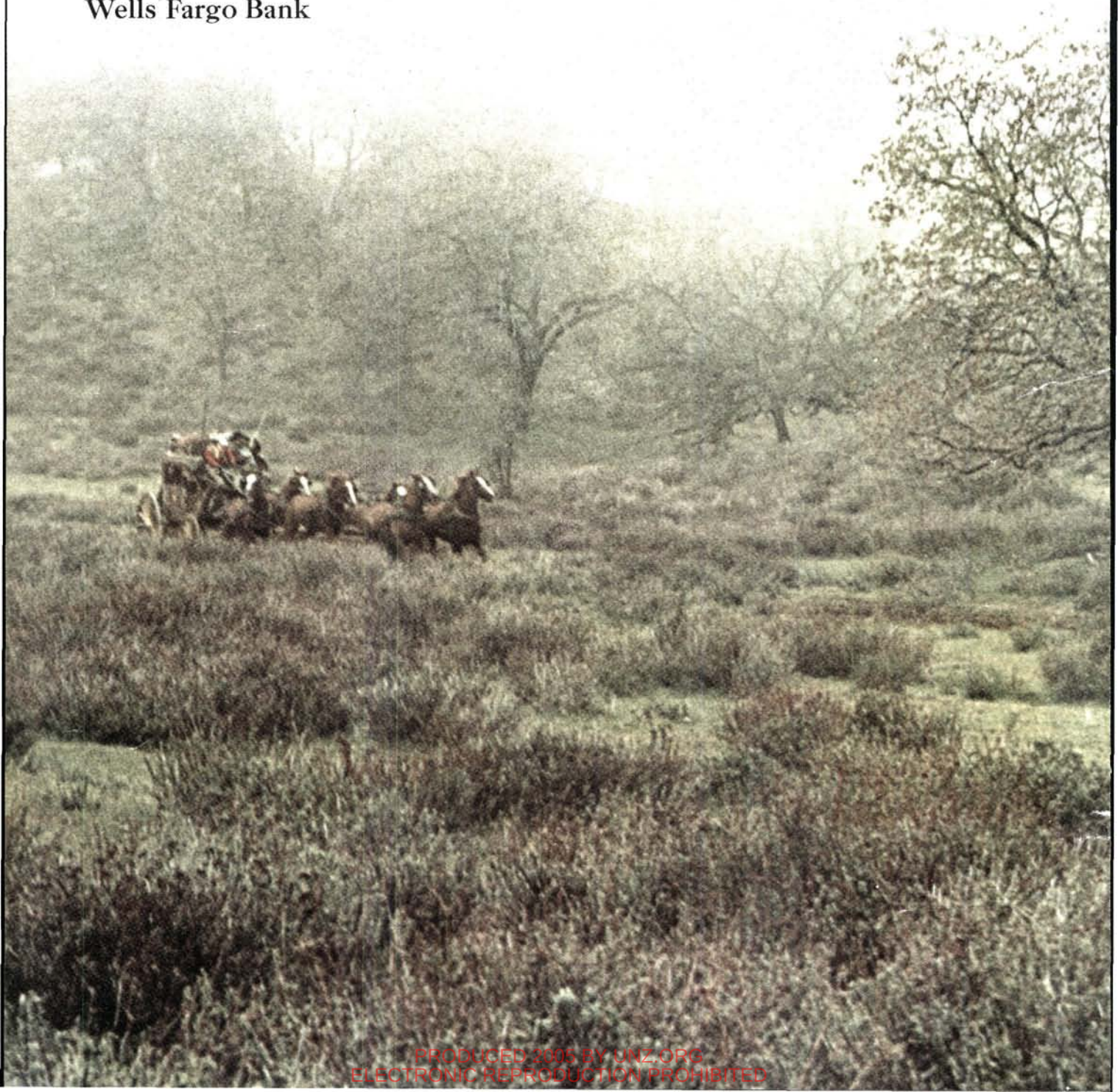

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The painting that made a marriage legal

Not one person in a thousand suspects the real meaning of this famous double portrait by Jan van Eyck. Actually, it portrays a wedding, and all the fascinating details are symbolic references to the sacrament of marriage.

As John Canaday points out in the first portfolio of the Metropolitan Museum Seminars in Art, the little dog symbolizes faithfulness; the discarded sandals, humility; and the single candle, the presence of God. Above the mirror, which signifies purity, is an inscription meaning, "Jan van Eyck was here, 1434," written in script proper to a document. For the painting really is a document: a painted marriage certificate!

If you had come across this painting in a museum, would you have understood what the artist was trying to tell you? Or would you have missed the hidden meanings?

A surprising number of otherwise cultivated persons have a blind spot so far as painting is concerned. Visiting a museum, they stand before a respected work of art and see nothing but its surface aspects. It was to help such persons that New York's Metropolitan Museum and John Canaday, art critic of *The New York Times*, created the Seminars in Art, a unique program of assisted self-education in art appreciation.

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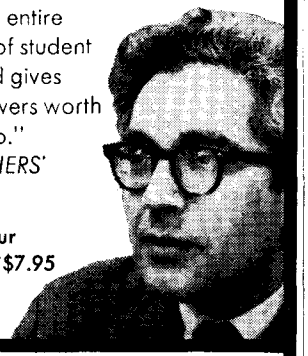

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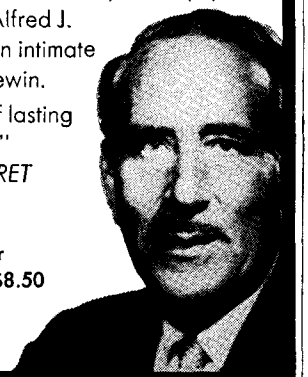

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October 24, 1970

Saturday Review

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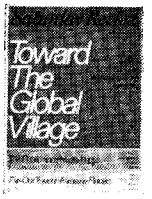

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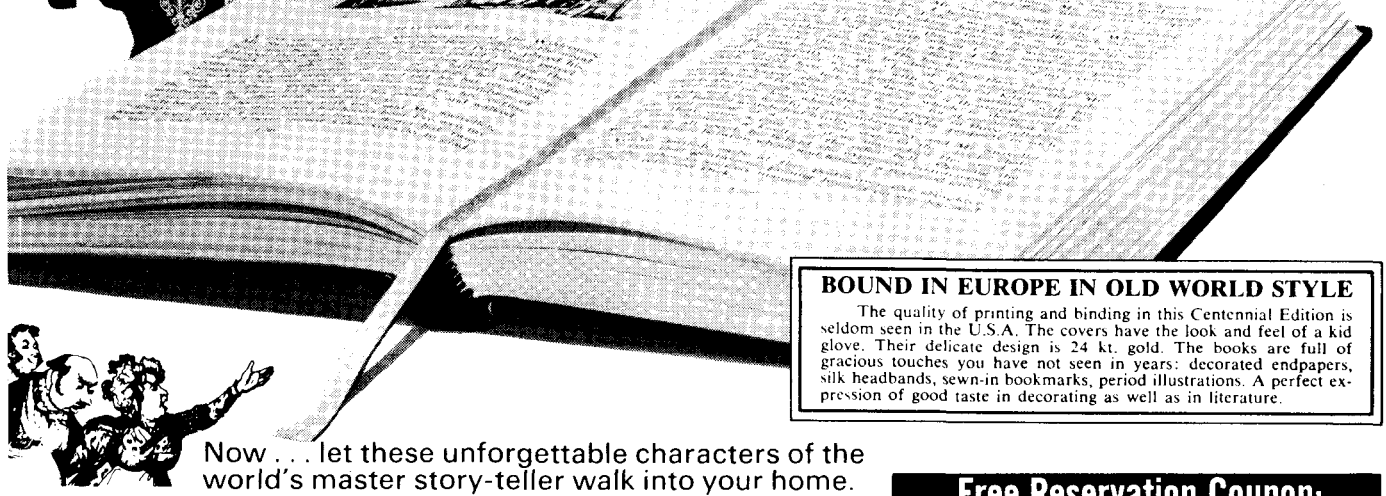

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

It's Not Whether You Win or Lose, It's How Much

WE HEAR and read a lot about the contest hopefully scheduled to take place soon between Russia and the United States when they sit at a table and begin to play the game of cutting down the manufacture of nuclear weapons.

These are known as SALT talks—Strategic Arms Limitation Talks. There are some nervous Nellies around who have been saying the initials stand for the Stalled and Languishing Talks. These are the impatient kibitzers who are anxious to see the cards cut and the game begin.

But no one has yet mentioned the name of the game that will be played. Is it poker or is it bridge? Although the stakes will be the same (humanity), anyone who has riffled fifty-two cards knows that each game has its own disparate style.

More than likely, the game will be poker, which can be played by any number of players from two to ten. In bridge the minimum is four. There is also honeymoon bridge, which can be played by two. But under the circumstances, what with an absence of orange blossoms, rice, and an organ softly playing "Dearly Beloved," the game between the U.S.S.R. and U.S.A. will not be honeymoon bridge.

In poker, the best hand doesn't always win. "Bluffing" is an important and exciting part of the game. In bridge, you can hold the highest cards, and even then they don't always win. Alexander Woollcott, who was an avid bridge player, once told of a dream in which he made the highest bid, seven no trump, and held all the cards to make his bid. But in his dream, someone led a green queen.

Another point which rules out bridge is that the game is played by partners seated across the table from each other, usually indicated as N and S, against another pair, E and W. Although N and S (Nixon and the Soviet) will be seated across the table from each other, they cannot under the circumstances be considered partners, what with the absence of brotherhood of man, love thy neighbor, and turn the other cheek.

No, the game will definitely be poker. Table stakes—the Earth's the limit. The players have prepared and rehearsed a long time for this game. Surveillance on both sides has been thorough. One man's bluff will be another man's buff.

While N has been busily engaged in manufacturing the ABM to destroy any missile heading this way, S has been disarmingly arming itself with its own ABM to destroy any missile headed that way.

Both sides remember the old joke about a poker game played in a saloon in the early days of the West.

"All right, I'll call your raise," says one gambler. "I've got three kings and a pair of aces."

"You lose," says the other player. "I've got five aces and a pair of loaded guns."

One can only hope the game will be televised. What suspense, hmm? There will, of course, be the usual amenities concerning the size and shape of the table and about cutting the deck before the game. S will undoubtedly insist on cutting to the left, while N prefers the right. Diplomatic stuff like that there.

But once the first hand is dealt, the players will pick up their cards and hold them close to their armored vests. They bet, they discard, and they draw. N makes a bet.

"I'll call that bet," says S, "and I'll sweeten the SALT kitty with a raise."

"I'll call that raise," says N. "What have you got?"

S replies, "I've got 450 SS-9s with triple warheads and a pair of MIRVs. Enough to destroy you twelve times over."

N says, "You lose. I've got 950 MIRV-tipped Minutemen and a pair of Polaris missiles. Enough to destroy you fourteen times over."

As world viewers hold their breaths, hand after hand is dealt, called, raised, and reraised. As the kitty grows, so grows the number of times we can all be overkilled.

To TV viewers, Mannix and Efrem Zimbalist begin to look like sissies, merely escapist entertainment. But there is no escape from wars.

Soon it becomes apparent that in this game there can be no winners, only survivors. "Then why go on with the game?" you ask. The answer is that as long as they sit and talk, and bet and raise, the more evident it will become to the big powers that they are suicide-bent, and sending their missiles and planes and men to the smaller nations to fight their wars for them is not the answer.

If they continue with Vietnamization, Cambodianization, Laosization, Egyptianization, whither, then, Civilization?

Think Tuesday.

Teacher's

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A Polish scholar who scanned the heavens and wondered...
What is the bond these men share with us?
A red bearded Danish sea rover.

ERIC THE RED
You ride a Boeing 747 on the course he sailed across the Atlantic.

JEDADIAH SMITH
You follow his footsteps across a continent to California.

COPERNICUS
Today's astronauts follow the track of his imagination through the void of space.

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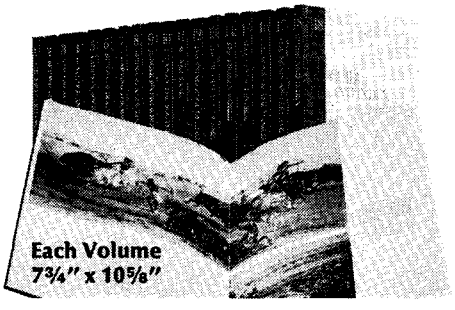

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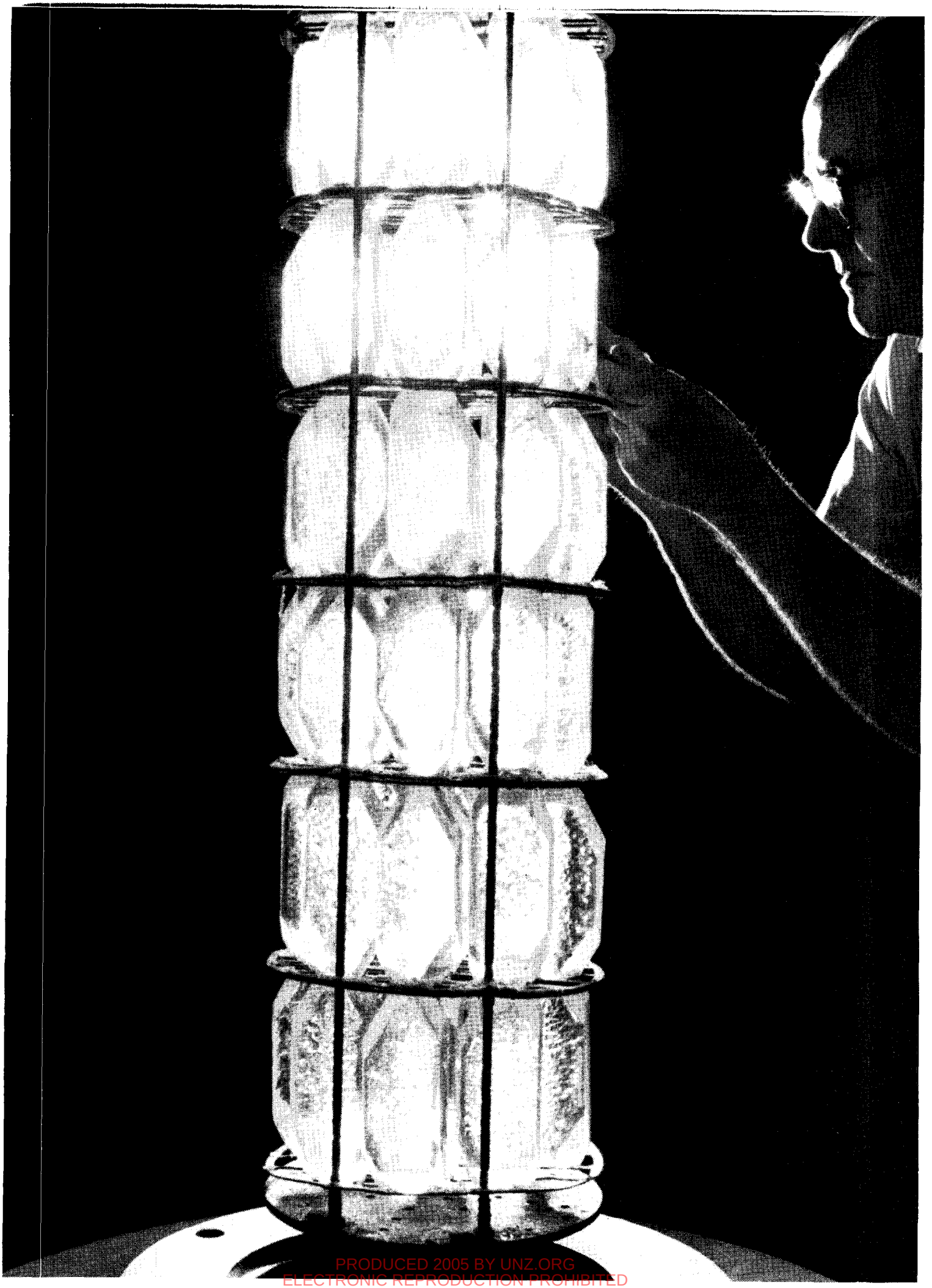

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Our Education Note of the Week was found by Dr. Robert Nottenburg of Cleveland, in the Education Code of the state of California:

> Tenses, Gender and Number. As used in this subchapter, the present tense includes the past and future tenses, and the future, the present; the masculine gender includes the feminine, and the feminine, the masculine; and the singular number includes the plural, and the plural, the singular.

A terrific state code, we say. The only problem now is to *de*code it. In any case, our Television Tease of the Week was located by Lisa Monti in the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*:

> Scoey Mitchell, Nipsey Russell in
> BAREFOOT IN THE DARK

A series about, we wondered, those goosebumps in the night? Meanwhile, Mrs. Raymond Turner of Damascus, Pennsylvania, came across the Fashion Story of the Week in the Scranton *Tribune*:

> Mrs. Nixon had both the
> French designer's midi length
> skirts shortened to just below
> Washington.

On or about, we suppose, the Mason-Dixon line. Also on the administration front, Michael Loftin of the Chattanooga *Times* sent us a copy of a letter to the editor, written by Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Barry of Signal Mountain, Tennessee, and published in the *Times* on a day Vice President Agnew came to town.

"Take Heart, Nattering Nabobs of Negativism," the letter began. "Here is, for your benefit, the Liberal's Alphabet of Alliterative Invective. Beat Spiro at his own game. Don't palpitate; alliterate!" Anyway, here are some of our favorites from the "Agnewbet":

A arrogant artisans of aristocracy
B bigoted barons of big business
C caterwauling caterers of corrupt capitalism
E embittered enemies of empathy
H hateful harbingers of hogwash
I ignorant iguanodonts of idiocy
J jaded jackanapes of jactation
M moronic missionaries of mammon
N nauseating nestors of national narcolepsy
O obsolete operators of oligopolistic oligarchy
P priggish purveyors of pallid pap
Q quacks of querulous quibbling
T tenacious termagants of tense tenets
U unguiculate underminers of the ulotrichous unkempt
V vendors of vacuous verbiage
W wily wearers of weird wristwatches
X xiphioid xenophobes of the xanthous
Y yawping yahoos of yesterday
Z zany zealots of zoom

We met the remarkable Jessamyn West, slightly the worse from a lecture trip, at her room at the Plaza Hotel. "If you notice an absence somewhere," she told us, "I died somewhere between Columbus and Cleveland." She looked around her room, however, with obvious approval. "So many hotels," she said, "are made for standardized people."

Miss West, whose latest book is *Crimson Ramblers of the World, Farewell*, also had just returned from a radio program in which she had had the disconcerting experience of being bleeped. "I'm going to write a book called *The Censored Woman*," she told us, "by 'J.'" She explained that M.F.K. Fisher, who was also on the program, had said something about there being "sanctimonious bastards in the Quaker sect"—to which Miss West had replied, "I may be sanctimonious, but I am not a bastard." "And do you know," she told us, "*her* 'bastard' wasn't bleeped—just mine."

"I would like to get across, though," Miss West told us, "that I am not just a Quaker writer. I have not lived just the life of a Quaker, and I do think I know a bit more than just the life of Quakers in Indiana a hundred years ago."

The daughter of a rancher, Miss West was born in Indiana but grew up in Yorba Linda, California, now famed for being the birthplace of Richard Nixon. "He lived," she told us, "right across the irrigation ditch. My family is related to him," she went on. "Richard's mother and my mother were first cousins. Richard's father was my Sunday school teacher, and my father was his Sunday school teacher," Miss West said. "My family are Republicans," she said, "but I'm temperamentally and practically a Democrat.

"When I was ten," she told us, "I was cutting paragraphs out of stories and pasting them in a scrapbook, under the title *How Stories Begin.* I would also cut out paragraphs at the end, for my *How Stories End.* I remember being hard at work, too," she said, "on how to avoid 'he said' and 'she said.' My favorite was 'he belched.' I was brought up in a rural Quaker community, where I never saw a living writer or even anyone who had seen one. To be a writer you have to first stick your neck out and take a chance, and then be willing to make a fool of yourself and give yourself away. As a Quaker, from the cradle I was taught not to stick my neck out and take a chance, not to make a fool of myself, and not to give myself away. I longed to be a writer, but I never spoke of it to a single human being. My first favorite book was *Sunbonnet Girls and Overall Boys.* My first real writing crush, though, once I'd gotten over Zane Grey, was Katherine Mansfield. There was a time when I thought I couldn't start a day without reading her *Journals.*"

Miss West, whose husband teaches at Berkeley, has herself kept "enormous journals" ever since she can remember. "I keep writing them," she said, "but I don't read them. You have to make up your mind whether you're going to be a reader or a writer. The trouble with me is I never did. I remember Gertrude Schweitzer said she only allowed herself thirty minutes a day reading time. I couldn't do that. All I know is if I'm not writing, I'm an unhealthy, miserable, moping person. I don't think of myself as a crusader. Maybe I'm just writing to stay in a state of health."

Before departing, we noted that *Crimson Ramblers* was a book of short stories. We asked Miss West what was the difference—if there was one nowadays—between a long short story and a short novel. "There *is* still a difference," Miss West said. "But it's all really a matter of form." She paused. "And the best definition of form I ever heard," she said, "was Kenneth Burke's. He said form consists of arousing the appetite of the reader and then the satisfaction of that appetite."

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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

From an October Diary: He said he had liked my poems before all poetry began to give him bad vibrations, and he had dropped in because he happened to be passing by. He was like on the road and he was trying to find himself. In paraphrase, as I soon gathered, that meant his psyche had no time left over for holding down a job. It had its consciousness to expand and its thing to find. Finding its thing was directly related to finding something called "Allness." Not only was it necessary to find both its thing and Allness's thing, but then Allness and its thing had to be related to the psyche's thing.

"On equal terms?" I asked.

"Like flower to sun, man. The sun's bigger and older and way out there and goes on like to infinity. And the flower is only like now, this instant, but in the infinity of the instant they are like equal, like one *from* the other and *to* the other and *in* the other. Like essence, man. And when this instant is over, right behind it comes another instant as infinite as every other instant. And even if everything now was closed, I mean like without being an infinite, it would still take all of infinity like to think about it, I mean to get really with it."

I had a notion about where all this was leading, but can you ask a man who is arm-wrestling the universe to take a job? "The examined life," I said aloud.

"Oh, wow, yes, man, that's it! Essence! The examined life! Just those three words, but like turning on the lights! A mind-blower!"

"What Wallace Stevens called 'the main of things, the mind.'"

"Go, man, go!"

"A holiday in reality."

"A holy day in ultimate reality!"

"All those slobs out there," I said, "blacking out from nine to five, then home, all numbed out by habit, too dragged for anything but square togetherness with a mortgage on it. Not an infinite flower to sit to and too late for the sun." I was enjoying the game.

"No identity, man," he said.

"OK," I said, "I get the picture."

"Man, for a square you get the big picture, and in Day-glo!"

"How much?" I said.

"Well, fifty?"

"Say again."

"Twenty?"

"I'll take a chance," I said. "I've got the lawn to mow. With the tractor that takes about four hours. The roses need weeding and that should take about four hours. I'd give you your choice, but I'm too square to trust you with my tractor. Besides, you're a flower man: I'll go twenty bucks for a weeded rose bed."

"But weeding, man," he said, "that's like pulling up life roots and all!"

"I can see you're just the man for the job. You understand it."

"I mean a weed—that's part of the Allness."

"In the rose bed, alas, it's most of the Allness. We've been away and the weeds got ahead of us."

"I think of it like killing life."

"Think of it as giving more life to the roses."

"I can't do it. It's not my thing."

"I thought you were a flower man. Why isn't it your thing to help roses grow?"

"Killing makes nothing grow. How can I reach to Allness with bloody hands?"

"There are always a few scratches, but I'll give you some canvas gloves."

"Man, just give me the twenty and I'll split."

"That," I told him, "is not my thing."

"But I gotta eat!"

"Why didn't you say you were hungry? Let's hit the refrigerator. Ham and eggs? Bacon and eggs? There's half a chicken left. You want beer or coffee?"

"I'm not hungry."

"I thought you said—"

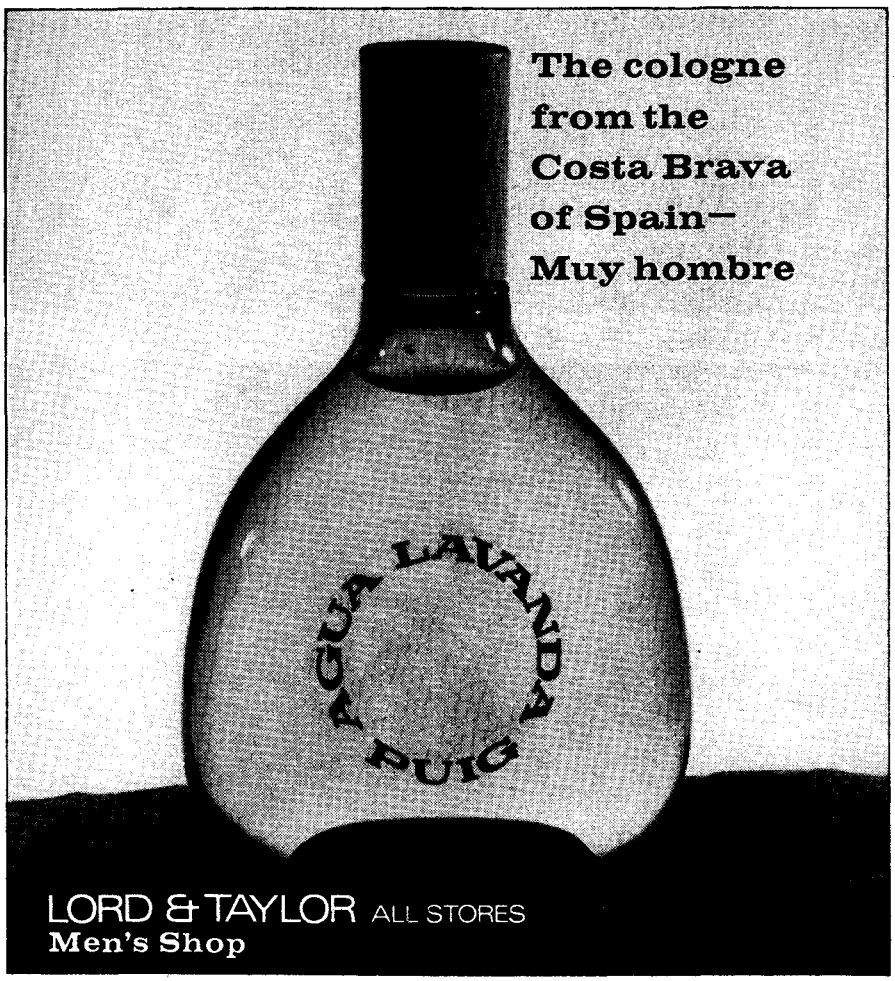
"Man does not live by bread alone."

"Roses don't grow in weeds—not well."

He did weed the roses—like almost. At least he cleared the tall grass from a Peace Rose in less than thirty minutes. Then he sat in front of a late bloom he had uncovered. At that point slow motion became a sort of lotus position, and down came the vibrations. Even moving around in the roar of my Sears Roebuck twelve-horsepower, I could feel the Allness closing in.

I got almost nine square feet almost cleared of weeds for my twenty bucks. Fair enough. I hadn't expected much. Out of square habit I had only insisted on getting something for my money. That's my thing.

His thing, once he discovered the lotus position can work up an appetite, included four scrambled eggs, ham, the half chicken, bread and butter, and



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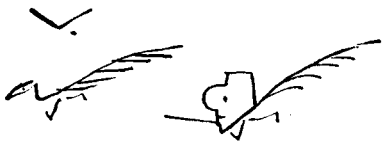
a quart of milk. When I told him it was a Peace Rose he had been putting the Allness to, he wowed. He had felt the vibrations. What a mind-blower! He went through at least another pint of milk just getting with the essence of it.

He was gone by the time my wife got back from one of her suburban girlie things with sherry mists around it. She, too, had obviously been having a go at finding her identity. It looked slightly cocked on her—a bit toward her right ear. When I mentioned it, she said she had brushed her hat to one side getting out of the car. On her it looked good.

I hope he does as well with his identity when he finds it, though I'm not at all sure about these identity seekers. They are like most of the authors I know: Even the old pros—who keep on talking about supporting their families (meaning, "What's wrong with the good old profit motive, and where *is* the buck?")—turn out to be seeking their identities once they get three inches into any bottle.

When I hear a writer say he is seeking his identity, I understand him to



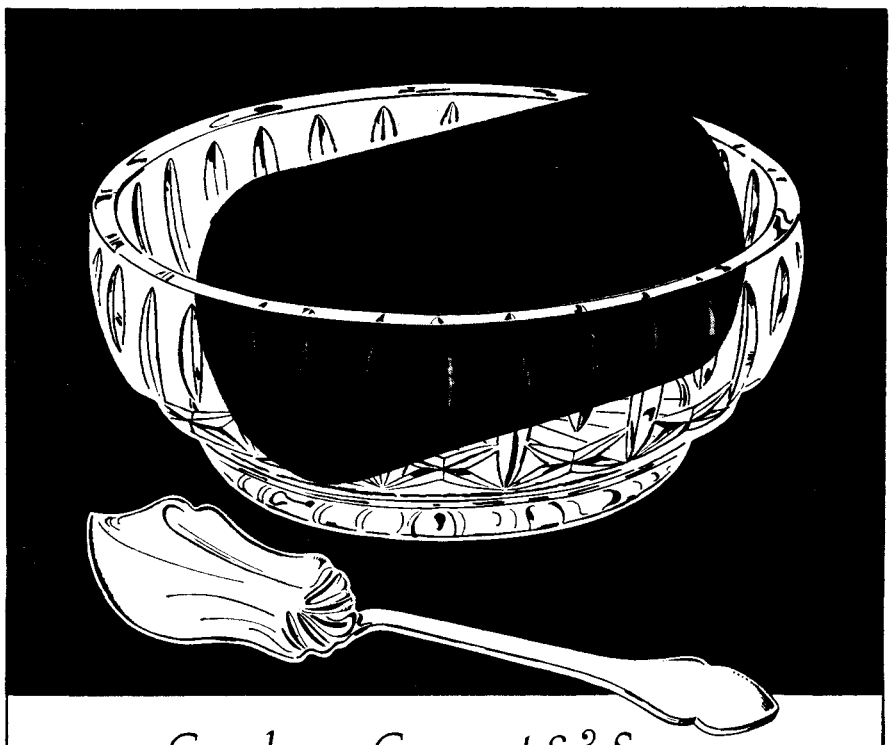
mean he really does know who he is, but has refused to settle for it. In most cases, I have to endorse that refusal: If that's all I had to make an identity of, I'd certaintly insist on being something else, even if it had to be something I'm not.

Even being something you're not in the name of finding an identity may be a better thing than the pros settle for. They, I suspect, have really found their identity, have identified it, and then have had the bad taste to settle for it, though they usually have enough residual humanity in them to be defensive about their settlement.

Could I manage it with my aging joints, I'd sooner go to the lotus position in front of a Peace Rose, especially if I could find someone to pay me twenty bucks per meditation. That does, of course, leave the weeding to be done by someone else. Except that with so many identities out looking for themselves, no one has time for weeding.

Weeding, I begin to see, is going to turn out to be my thing.

But let it be tomorrow. I might come up with a new identity by then. Allness may even send me someone as yet unidentified who would be willing to put out twenty bucks, worth of weeding for twenty bucks cash, and in that case I could play golf tomorrow.



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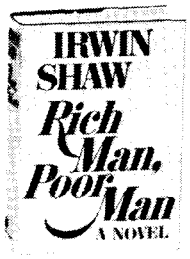

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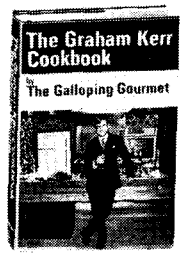

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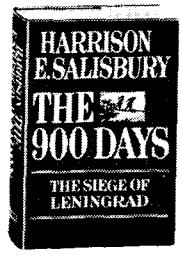

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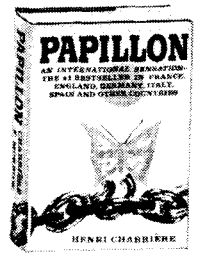

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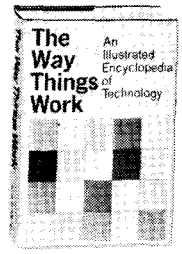

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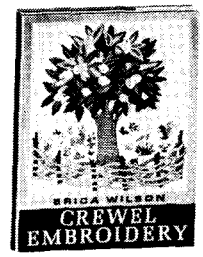

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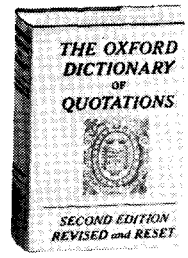

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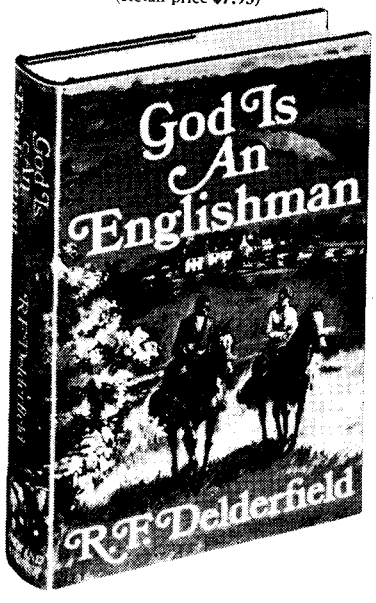

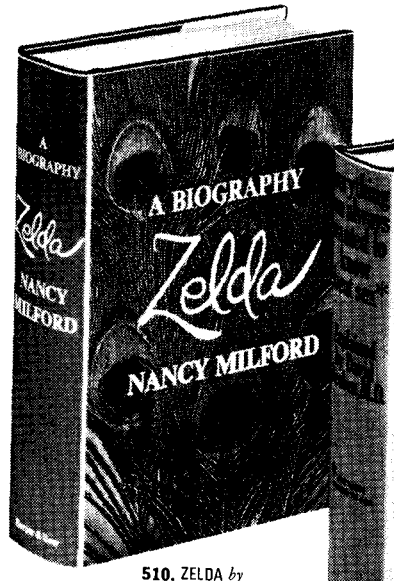

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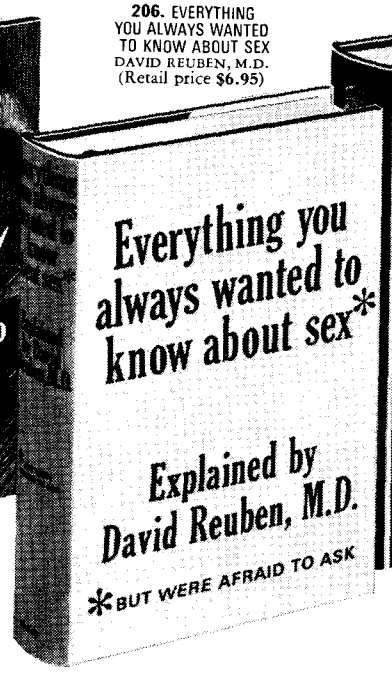

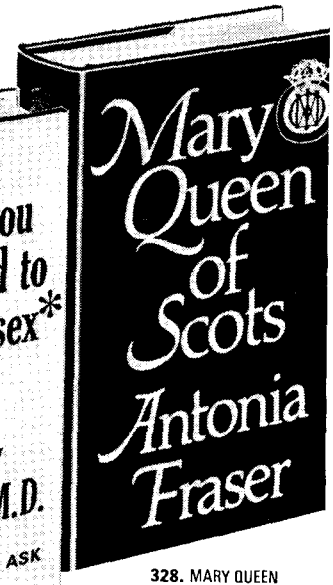

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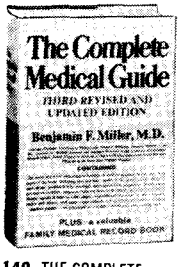

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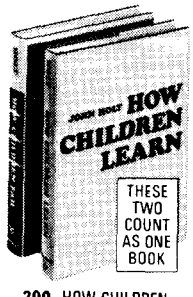

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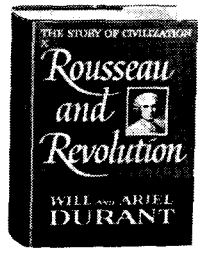

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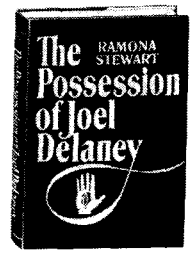

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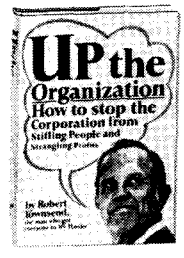

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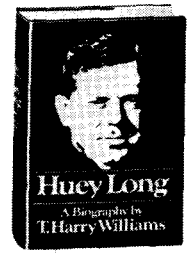

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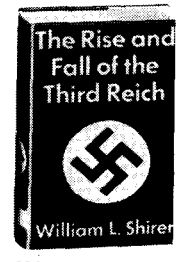

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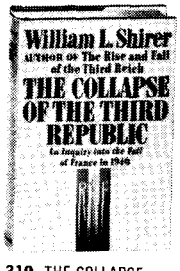

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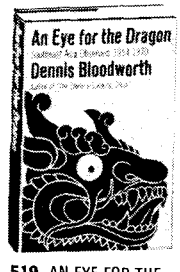

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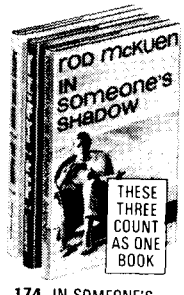

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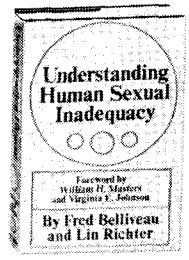

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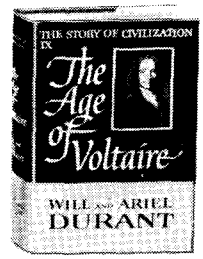

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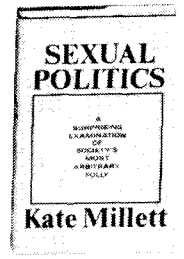

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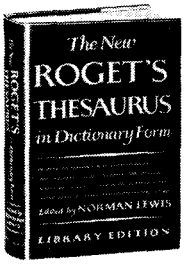

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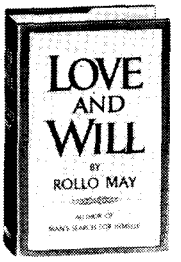

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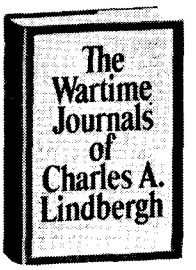

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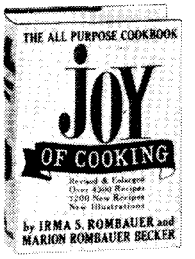

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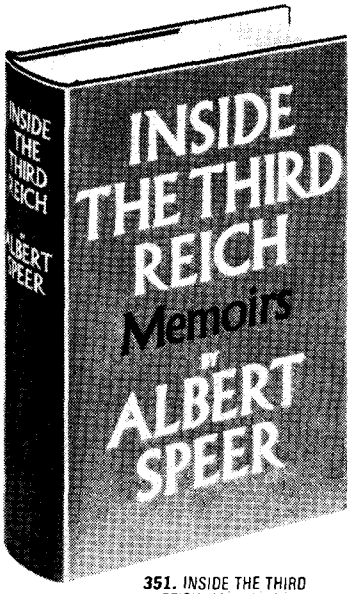

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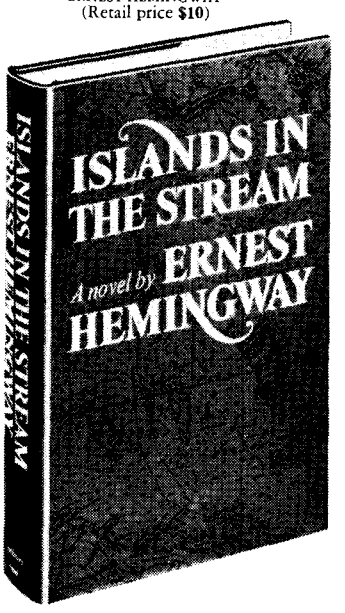

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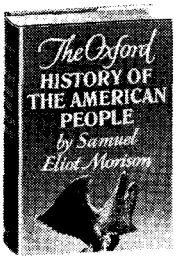

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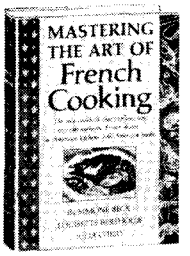

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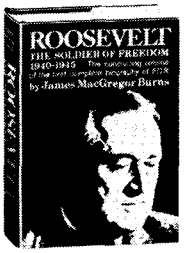

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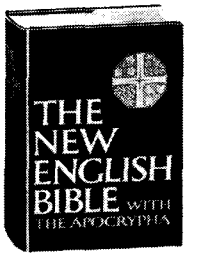

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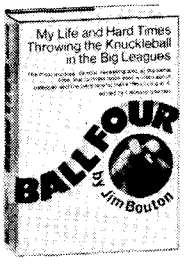

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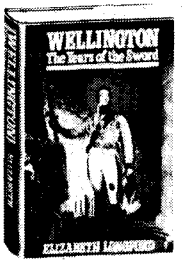

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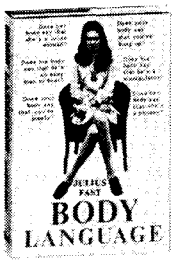

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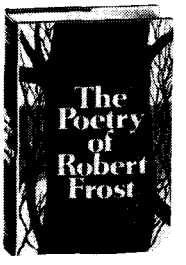

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Reader's Digest announces

ENVIRONMENT '71

A total marketing program to tell the public what your company is doing to fight pollution.

Environmental pollution is now recognized as one of the overriding issues of our times. And rightly so. For it affects each and every one of us. It is also the issue most likely to have the greatest impact on public opinion toward the business community in the years ahead.

Study after study confirms this. For example, in a nationwide opinion study just released by the Marketing Department of Reader's Digest, 72% of the respondents laid a "great deal" of the blame for environmental pollution on the doorstep of private industry. Only 12% of them gave business good marks. And not a single industry was well-rated by the general public.

A growing communications gap

None of this is too surprising when you realize that much of the effort to educate and inform in this area has been directed primarily to the business community—one industry talking to another. The important and exciting story of the more than $1 billion-plus, and countless man-hours, spent by U.S. companies to fight pollution just last year is simply not known by the majority of people.

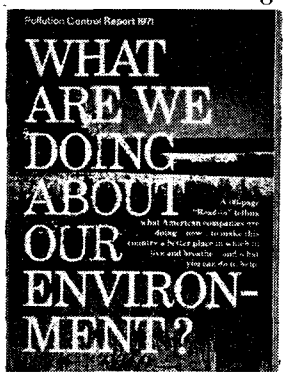
Obviously, much more has to be done than is being done now to solve this serious communications problem.

Environment '71. The first total-communications program of its kind.

To make the American public aware of what the business community is doing to combat environmental pollution, Reader's Digest has developed "Environment '71," the first definitive program of its kind and scope. The program is two-phased—designed to reach and influence two distinct audiences.

Part 1: The Advertising Section

This special cooperatively sponsored advertising section will appear in the September, 1971 Reader's Digest. It will go directly into the homes of 17¾ million families—almost one out of every three families in America. Far and away the biggest regularly measured audience in advertising media.



In no sense will this section be a platform for excuses or apologies. Rather, it will be a forthright expression of *actions* about products, about new processes, about those things the business community has done, is doing, or will do about pollution. And in a setting in which each company's part of the story will have more meaning and believability and impact.

Part 2: The Second Audience

This story of industry's involvement will also reach a carefully selected *second* audience of leaders in government, business, education, science and other key people immediately involved in this problem —via an extensive promotion, direct mail, merchandising and public relations program. A special mailing by Digest international offices will also bring the section to business and political leaders throughout the world.

The Digest's Contribution

As a company aware of, and sharing in, the responsibility for environmental pollution, Reader's Digest will absorb all the costs of Part 2. In addition to the above, we will pay for all engravings for participating companies; the cover page; an introductory page, which will explain the section's purpose and set the stage for the advertising messages that follow. This page will carry the names of all the participating advertisers. The Digest will also contribute a closing page that deals with specific actions the reader can take right now to improve our environment.

After the program is over, The Digest will assume all costs for a special Starch Attitude Study measuring reader reaction to the section and individual company ads.

Get all the facts.

The final closing date for "Environment '71" is April 1, 1971. If your corporation has an environmental message that belongs in this special section, call your Digest representative. He will show you how "Environment '71" offers you the most effective, economical way to tell it.

Reader's Digest
WORLD'S BEST SELLER

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"Some inventions," science fiction writer Arthur C. Clarke has observed, "represent a kind of technological quantum jump which causes a major restructuring of society. . . . It is characteristic of such inventions that even when they are already in existence it is a considerable time before anyone appreciates the changes they will bring."

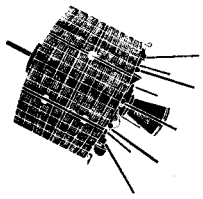
Such is the case with communications satellites, the subject of *SR*'s last business issue of the year, supervised by Editor-at-Large Alfred Balk.

In the first article (below), science writer-social observer Isaac Asimov explains why satellites constitute "The Fourth Revolution" in human history. Next, Sig Mickelson provides a progress report on "The First Eight Years." Mr. Mickelson, former president of CBS News, is vice president of the International and Television Division of the Encyclopaedia Britannica Educational Corporation and chairman of the International Broadcast Institute.

In the third article, Jean d'Arcy assesses the "Challenge to Cooperation" in overcoming political obstacles. Mr. d'Arcy, a founder of Eurovision, is director of the Radio and Visual Services Division of the United Nations' Office of Public Information, and a member of the Twentieth Century Fund's Task Force on International Satellite Communications. This week's editorial "Village or Prison?" (page 26), explores the potentialities for good and evil inherent in man's new global voice. —THE EDITORS.

TOWARD THE GLOBAL VILLAGE

THE FOURTH REVOLUTION



by ISAAC ASIMOV

That which most of all distinguishes men from other animals is the ability to communicate abstractions; the ability to do more than signal "Help!" or "Food!" At some time during the history of the early hominids, there developed, somehow, a code of sounds flexible enough to make at least a beginning at transferring thoughts from one mind to another. Speech was invented. That juncture was mankind's first communications revolution. We might argue that it was this revolution that made man man, for it was through speech that a society could develop traditions that would stretch across generations; through speech that discoveries could be made to accumulate, instead of having to be devised anew by each man in his lifetime.

The nature of the actual changes imposed on human society by the development of speech is unknown and can only be guessed, but we have a somewhat clearer view of the second revolution—the development of writing. Writing was developed in ancient Sumeria not long before 3000 B.C. It came in an urbanized culture based on a highly developed agricultural technology that was already what we call civilization.

Civilization can develop without writing. The Inca civilization of fifteenth-century Peru did not have it. We might suspect, though, that without writing, civilization would advance only slowly and reach a dead end at a certain comparatively low level of complexity simply because the slowness, evanescence, and uncertainty of speech will not of themselves suffice to bear any higher level of civilization. The Inca world, then, may well be as high as mankind could possibly reach as a result of only the first revolution.

With speech frozen in writing, with technical instructions and legal codes made permanently available and placed beyond distortion caused by the fallibility of memory, the complexity of man's technology and sociology could be carried to new heights—and was. Nevertheless, writing in itself still had its elements of fragility. The reproduction of books was a slow and expensive process, and for nearly five millenniums after writing was invented few books (by present standards) ever existed in the world at one time. Because books were as precious as jewels, literacy remained the monopoly of the priests and aristocrats. The common man had no use for reading and writing.

Again, because books were so few, the entire heritage of a civilization could be destroyed by barbarian inroads—and more than once was. Suc-

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cessive waves of tribal invasions wiped out the great libraries accumulated by the Greco-Roman world, and by 1204 A.D. the only place left in which the complete corpus of ancient learning and culture was preserved was Constantinople, the fading metropolis of the remnants of the Byzantine Empire. In that year, Western Crusaders took the city and destroyed it, burning and looting what they despised as worthless or suspected to be heretical. The main body of what the ancients had gathered was lost forever. Out of the more than a hundred plays that Sophocles had written, we have preserved exactly seven. Of the writings of such great thinkers as Democritus, Aristarchus, and Epicurus, there remain nothing but vague references in the few books that have been preserved.

Writing, then, can in itself serve to support—rather precariously—a civilization only as complex as that of the Roman Empire, and Rome may be as high as we could get in the days of the second revolution.

But then there came in the fifteenth century the third revolution—brought on by a device for reproducing the written word mechanically, over a brief period of time, and in an indefinite number of copies: the printing press. By the standards of the times, the technique of printing spread like wildfire—a good measure of its value and of the need it fulfilled. Once again, human civilization, placed on a firmer foundation, could advance to new levels of complexity.

It is easy to argue that printing was a necessary condition for the development of modern science. The findings of one man could be rapidly issued in a form that would make the matter available to other men across the length and breadth of Europe. A "community of science" could exist and become large enough and compact enough so that Copernican views, for instance, could not be crushed by the disapproval of churchmen.

As books grew in number and lessened in expense, it became much more worthwhile to know how to read and write. From 1500 on, there was a steady increase in literacy, a broadening of the base of education. The possibility of scholarship was opened to larger percentages of the European population so that more could contribute to the developing technology. And each development, as it came, was broadcast more rapidly and more thoroughly, serving to stimulate other developments—until by 1800 the Industrial Revolution was in high gear in Great Britain and the Low Countries.

We have now, perhaps, advanced about as far as we can in the world of the third revolution. Indeed, signs of breakdown are everywhere, for the problems introduced by our contemporary level of technology seem insuperable. Not only is the population too great, but it has crowded itself unbearably into metropolitan centers. As civilization grows more complex, larger numbers are required to run its nerve centers, and since it is at those nerve centers that the advantages of its culture and technology are greatest, still more people flood inward to take advantage of that—until we arrive at giant cities that are sociologically diseased, technologically polluted, culturally decadent, and dying from the center outward. Nowhere is this more evident than in the United States, where the world of the third revolution has advanced furthest.

A fourth revolution is needed, and the first signs of its coming were to be noted in the mid-nineteenth century. Within the Industrial Revolution, there has been a subsidiary electrical-electronic one. The human voice was extended by the telegraph, the telephone, and the radio, until it could reach all around the globe in a fraction of a second. It also became possible to stimulate the human eye across space and time. Photography was invented; photographs could be transmitted by wire; then made to move; then, by way of television, made to move concurrently with events.

For a century, however, this fourth revolution has remained limited in scope and powerless to cause anything but fringe effects. The equipment was intricate and expensive, and could be used but sparingly. There were sharp limitations: Cables could carry only so many messages; radio only so many wavelengths; television only so many channels; and all suffered from static and "noise" of one sort or another.

This is not to say that the fringe effects were not important. To conduct business without a telephone became unthinkable; to conduct social contacts without one equally unthinkable. To raise children without a television set is becoming unthinkable.

In areas of the world where the third revolution has not yet established itself, where books and newspapers are few and illiteracy is widespread, the leap to the transistor radio has brought an enormous change. The new nationalism of the Arab countries and of black Africa would be impossible without the binding power of the spoken word through those tiny speech boxes that were strewn through the population. Yet all these changes, notable enough though they may be, are insufficient to alter the fact that civilization rests on the printed word.

The fourth revolution in its present stage has some of the characteristics that writing once had. It is too restricted, too fragile. As writing was once kept under the control of local priestly castes, electronic communications remain under the control of local industries and local governments. What is needed is an electronic change analogous to that from writing to printing. Electronic communications must become so widespread that there must be a kind of "electronic literacy" established, with every man owning his own electronic outlet, as every man now can own his own library. Only then can the fourth revolution really be established; only then can it make its effect felt and, very possibly, lift civilization to a new level of complexity and effectiveness, and correct the evils of a technology grown beyond the limits its base makes optimal.

The full establishment of the fourth revolution after the fashion just described is upon us now. What was needed to make this possible was first predicted by science fiction writer Arthur C. Clarke in the October 1945 issue of *Wireless World*. He pointed out that a truly efficient relay designed to carry electronic communications over global distances without significant interference by static would have to be located in space. A relay station, roughly 22,000 miles over a point on Earth's equator, would revolve about Earth in twenty-four hours—just the time it takes Earth to rotate in space—and to observers on Earth would thus seem fixed in the sky.

As few as three such relays, properly placed, would suffice to blanket the Earth and make it possible to establish communications from any one point to any other. Furthermore, the use of outer-space relays would make available a vast number of simultaneous TV channels and an even vaster number of wavelengths for mere voice communications.

In 1945 what Clarke presented was only a dream—but the disciplined dream of an intelligent and farsighted thinker. Twenty years later, it was something that was actually within man's grasp. In 1965 Early Bird, the first commercial communications satellite, was launched. Its relay made available 240 voice circuits and one TV channel. Scheduled for 1971 is Intelsat IV, which will have a capacity of 6,000 voice circuits and twelve channels. Mankind is on its way and is moving rapidly. The race is on between the coming of the true fourth revolution and the death of civilization that will otherwise inevitably occur through growth past the limits of the third.

Suppose the fourth revolution is established before civilization breaks

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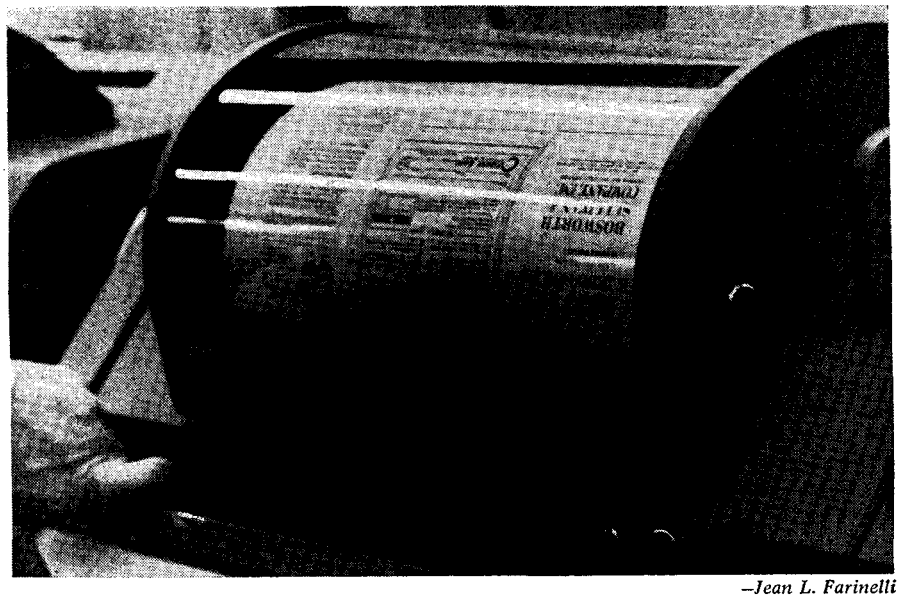
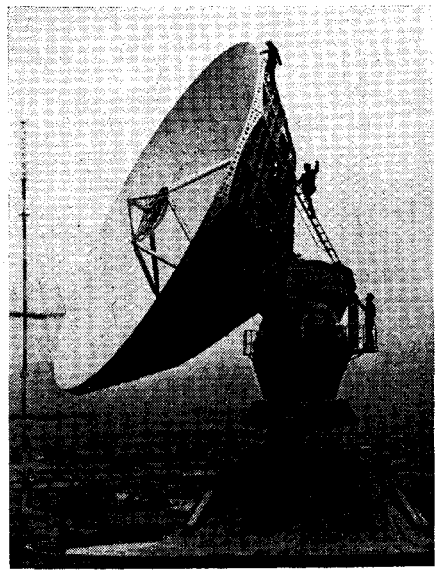


—Jean L. Farinelli

—NASA



—Sovfoto

Clockwise, from left: Newspaper transmission by facsimile machine, radar tracking station in Africa, Soviet ground receiving station—"The man on the shores of the Congo will have as much of human knowledge available to him as the man on the shores of the Hudson . . . everyone will find it a great advantage to speak some global language . . . cities will spread out and disappear."

down; what may we expect it to accomplish?

For one thing, the day of the individual television station, of which hundreds are needed today merely to cover the United States with their limited short-range beams, will be over. Signals can be bounced off the space relays direct to the home set. Indeed, person-to-person communication on a scale of massive freedom becomes thinkable.

With an unlimited number of voice and picture channels available, every man could have his portable phone and dial any number on Earth. No one with such a phone need ever be lost; if he is, an emergency button can send out a signal that can be traced from anywhere else on Earth.

The printed word, in a computerized space-relay world, will be capable of being transmitted as easily and as widely as the voice, so that facsimile mail can be transmitted from point to point in a fraction of a second (with traditional methods available for cases where privacy is essential). Facsimile newspapers, magazines, and books can be readily available at the press of a button. Perhaps eventually a single world computer will hold in its vitals the library of mankind, any part of which will be available to any man at any time.

Does this mean that man's knowledge becomes vulnerable once more, as was the single body of Greek lore at Constantinople in 1204? What happens to copyrights and publishers? The fourth revolution will generate its problems, too, but at the moment it is the third revolution problems that are a matter of mass life and mass death.

And the consequences of personalized mass communication? What will make it revolutionary and not merely a further extension of a world in which there is already a kind of world communication? The new extension will be so much more massive, so much more individualized, so much more widespread as to pass beyond a matter of degree and become different in kind.

The Earth for the first time will be knit together on a personal and not a governmental level. There will be the kind of immediacy possible over all the world as had hitherto existed only at the level of the village. In fact, we will have what has been called the global village.

To know all your neighbors on the global level does not mean that you will automatically love them all; it does not, in and of itself, introduce a reign of peace and brotherhood. But to be potentially in touch with everybody at least makes fighting more uncomfortable. It becomes easier to argue instead. What is more, once all men are equally distant in point of communications time, the concept of national boundaries will become even more ridiculous than it now is (and it is ridiculous enough already, heaven knows). This will be all the more so since, with global communications on the personal level and with the simultaneous advance of computerization, business will become truly international.

There are no boundaries in a global village. All problems will become so intimate as to be one's own. No problem can arise at one point without affecting all points immediately and emotionally, and world government will become a fact even if no one, due to past prejudices, particularly wants it, and perhaps even if no one is particularly aware that it is taking place. We will all just wake up one morning and realize that for some time the world has been acting in reasonable unison. Contributing to this will be the fact that with a global, personalized civilization, differences among men—differences that go so far to create suspicion and hostility—will lessen.

If all men are to talk directly to all men, there will be a great need for some common language. This does not mean that anyone will have to abandon his own language altogether, or that the multiplicity of tongues will have to vanish, with all the splendid variety of thought and culture to which it gives rise. It does mean, though, that everyone will find it a great advantage to speak some global language in addition to his own. To invent one would be too difficult a task in the time available, but that is not necessary. English is almost there already. It is the first language of more people than any

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other language but Chinese, and the second language of more people than any other language, including Chinese. The global village of the fourth revolution, then, will have English as its lingua franca.

The world will tend toward homogeneity in other respects, too, and this need not frighten anybody. Homogeneity may not be a good in itself, to be sure, for there is wonder and vitality in variations and in differences. But remember that homogeneity is not an evil in itself, either. Where heterogeneity means that some parts of the world are distinctly more malnourished than others, distinctly more uneducated, distinctly more diseased, distinctly less comfortable, we have a right to hope for less heterogeneity and greater homogeneity toward the favorable side in those aspects.

It is precisely for that kind of greater homogeneity that we can hope in the new age of the fourth revolution. By the use of the new techniques of mass communications, we can expect an enormous revolution in education. For one thing, American and European children could do much of their learning at home, under individualized conditions, with an electronic tutor geared to their own needs and paced to the beat of their own drummer. This innovation would be a comparatively minor improvement of an educational system that is savage and insensitive now but that does work after a fashion.

What is much more important is that regions of the world which—except possibly for a very small governing caste—do not receive any education that would fit them even for the world of the third revolution can leapfrog directly into the fourth. With mass electronics, the Indian, the Pakistani, the Indonesian, the black African will be able, essentially for the first time, to get the information he needs—information that the whole world needs to make sure he gets.

The population of the submerged nations can grow up learning about modern agricultural methods, such as the proper use of fertilizers and pesticides (as opposed to nonuse or improper use). It can learn about techniques for birth control and the desirability of limiting population. It can be brought into intimate contact with the rest of the world and be made a part of it.

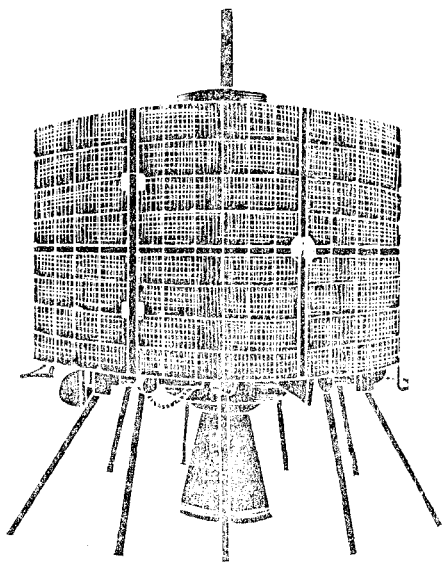
This is not a dream; we have seen it happen before. The early limited stages of the fourth revolution have already shown the way. The coming of movies, radio, and television has done much to eliminate the dichotomy between city and country in the United States. Homogenization is not complete and perhaps never will be (nor ought to be), but the mass media are shared by all, so that the day of the backwoods is gone. In the full stretch of the fourth revolution that will be repeated on a global scale, the man on the shores of the Congo River will have as much of human knowledge available to him as the man on the shores of the Hudson.

And what else? Decentralization. The centralization that has been the key word of human development for the 10,000 years since the invention of agriculture has so far only once showed signs of being reversed without a Dark Age. That tentative step came in connection with transportation.

The mechanization of transportation, with one exception, was institutionalized. Whether it was stagecoaches, steamships, railroads, or even jetplanes, men could travel more easily, but only at the times and places controlled by the commercial units that owned the devices. The time and place of departure and arrival were fixed. Only with the automobile were things different. The automobile was personal; it meant door-to-door; it meant come-and-go-at-will; it meant suit-your-own-convenience. (Yes, there were barriers, involving traffic density, parking difficulties, and so on, but these represented a different class of limitations.)

As a result of the automobile, it was no longer necessary for the worker and executive to cluster so tightly around the factory and office. Men could spread out; cities broadened; suburbs came into existence; for the first time a movement toward decentralization arose. But this partial decentralization was swallowed up. The city and its problems expanded faster than the suburbanites could escape.

The fourth revolution will do much better. Even the early stages showed that it wasn't necessary to transmit material objects merely to transport the information they contained. We have had foretastes of this. The telephone has supplanted the personal visit and, to a certain extent, the mail—but it transfers only sound, and only under limited conditions. With every man possessing his own television outlet, men can both hear and see each other at global distances. Conferences can be held where individual men are seated in a dozen different nations, yet where their images are all together. Documents can be facsimilized and brought from one point to any other at the speed of light; information can be supplied from a central computer to any point.



No one would need to be at any one particular spot to control affairs, and businessmen need not congregate in offices. Nor, with the advance of automation, need workingmen congregate in factories. Men can locate themselves at will and shift that location only when they wish to travel for fun. Which means that the cities will spread out and disappear. They won't even have to exist for cultural reasons in a day when a play acted anywhere can be reproduced electronically at any point on Earth—and a symphony, and an important news event, and any book in a library.

Every place on Earth will be "where it's at." The world of the fourth revolution will be a global village in actuality and not merely metaphorically speaking.

The benefits will be enormous. The greatest problems of the world of the third revolution arise, after all, from the fact of overconcentration, which many times multiplies the impact of overpopulation. It is the great cities that are the chief source of pollution and the chief deprivers of dignity. Let the same billions be spread out, and the condition will already be not so acute.

Further, let the same billions be educated into birth control and let their numbers slowly decrease; let the same billions learn to contact each other, know each other, and even understand each other; let the same billions come to live under a world government—and our present problems will no longer be insoluble.

That there will be problems inseparable from the world of the fourth revolution will be certain, but they can be handled in their turn by the generations who must face them—provided we first handle ours.

So the race is on, and by 2000 at the latest it will be decided: Either the world of the fourth revolution will be in full swing or it will not be. In the latter event, the world of the third revolution (and all mankind with it, probably) will be in its death throes.

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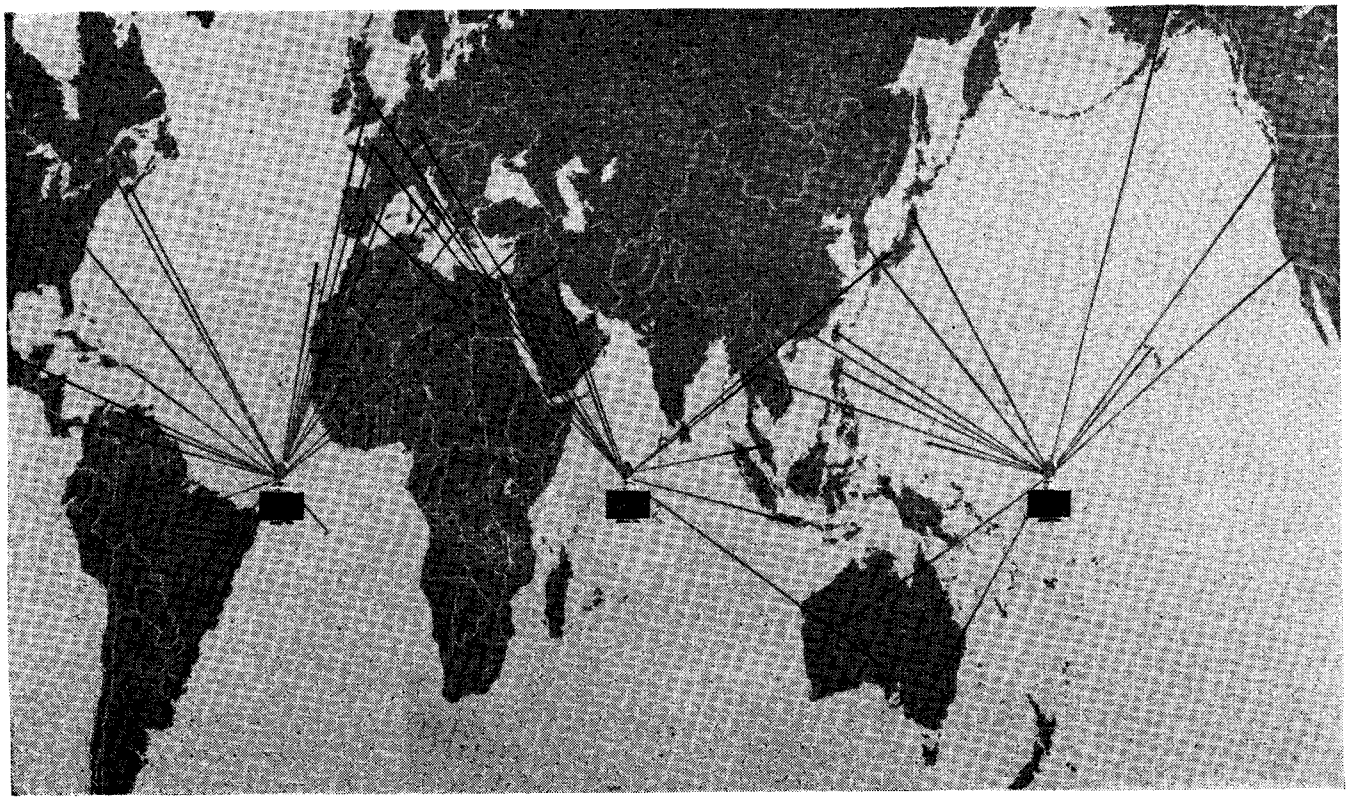
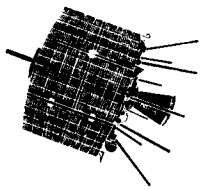


Intelsat's global communications system—"The pace of the revolution is accelerating."

TOWARD THE GLOBAL VILLAGE

THE FIRST EIGHT YEARS



by SIG MICKELSON

When communications satellites are mentioned, the average American probably thinks of some dramatic television event associated with them: man's first moon walk, the Olympic Games from Tokyo or Mexico City, Pope Paul's Christmas message, the investiture of the Prince of Wales. To watch international news events "live" on home TV screens is now so commonplace it is almost taken for granted.

But the communications revolution has not been limited to long-distance delivery of television signals. Miracles of international telephonic communications are being performed daily and hourly that would have been unthinkable prior to the late 1960s. The average individual can now pick up his home phone, ask for an overseas operator, place a call to Chile, Iran, or Indonesia, and have reasonable expectations of quick service and high quality. Anyone who tried as recently as two years ago would instantly recognize the difference; the noisy, unpredictable, rising and fading radio frequencies on which he had to depend have been replaced by satellite circuits equal in signal quality to that on intercity calls within the United States.

One of the most significant developments in satellite communications is the linkage being provided between the developed and the developing world and among the developing countries. Communications in the period of the cable and radio generally bypassed the less developed countries and followed high-density traffic routes. Just as quick, high-quality communication with South America previously was almost nonexistent, Africa, South Asia, and Southeast Asia were left in the backwaters of communications development.

The startling change in this pattern was dramatically signaled when the Shah of Iran, after dedicating a ground station near Tehran, went to Washington, D.C. His meeting with President Johnson was captured on TV and relayed, live, back to televiewers in Iran, in a sort of up-to-date Arabian Nights performance. About the same time, the Sheik of Bahrein was dedicating a satellite ground station in his country, with service going into Morocco, Lebanon, Brazil, and Indonesia.

Airlines and international hotel chains are using satellite communications for worldwide instant reservation service. Surgeons in Geneva have observed open-heart surgery taking place in Houston—asking questions about the operation as it proceeded. Weather data and maps are moving via satellite communications coupled with facsimile machines. The U.S. Army transmits battle-front information directly from Vietnam to the White House by specialized military satellite, and now is transmitting surveillance photographs from the Middle East for examination in Washington only minutes after high-flying planes return from the Suez Canal.

The first satellite to relay a broadcast across the Atlantic was Telstar, in 1962. An Earth station at Andover, Maine, was linked to another at Pleumeur Bodou, France. The broadcast, involving greetings from American Telephone and Telegraph officials in the United States to PTT (Poste-Téléphone-Télégraphe) officials in France, ran for

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twenty-two minutes before fading because the streaking satellite had run out of range of both ground stations.

The initial commercial satellite service started in June 1965 with Early Bird —the first vehicle launched by the new Communications Satellite Corporation (Comsat) for the International Telecommunications Satellite consortium (Intelsat). But Early Bird had only enough capacity for 240 simultaneous voice circuits or one TV signal. Furthermore, it could link only two points. At that stage it didn't make much difference—during its early lifetime there was only one sending-and-receiving station in North America (Andover), and only two in Europe: one in England and one in France.

The tiny Early Bird had the burden of the full load of transatlantic traffic for more than eighteen months, until the Intelsat II series made its appearance in January 1967. The first Intelsat II was lost in space, but the second went into service over the Pacific Ocean and the third over the Atlantic. This second generation had no greater circuit capacity, but could broadcast simultaneously to several Earth stations. And now there was a Pacific service linking Asia with North America and in turn with Europe.

The satellites themselves, of course, were only one main element in the service chain; the other was the Earth station. By the end of 1966, both Germany and Italy had stations to add to the operating facilities in France and the United Kingdom. In 1966, Canada was added; in 1967, Spain; in 1968, Chile and Panama; and in 1969, Argentina, Brazil, Iran, Lebanon, Mexico, Morocco, and Peru. At the same time, second or even third and fourth stations were being added in England, France, Germany, Italy, Australia, Japan, Canada, and the United States, giving more flexibility to the whole system.

As 1970 nears an end, some twenty-five countries are tied into the Intelsat system. At least another ten—including Kenya, India, Korea, Nigeria, Senegal, Cameroon, and Ethiopia—are expected to be ready with Earth stations in 1971, and a minimum of seven more in 1972. The current cost of a standard Earth station is approximately $2.25-million, but portable stations have been built for less than $500,000, and some experts are predicting that one can shortly be built for between $100,000 and $250,000. As Earth-station costs decline, more countries undoubtedly will participate in the worldwide system.

Meanwhile, there also has been growth in the air. Early Bird has been retired. So have some of the second-generation satellites. The workhorse now is the Intelsat III, which carries 1,200 voice circuits or four TV signals, in contrast to the 240 voice circuits or one TV signal of the earlier generations. It has "multiple-drop" capacity, rather than point-to-point service. Even Intelsat III, however, is only an interim step. The consortium is preparing to launch in early 1971 a fourth-generation Intelsat IV series with an average capacity of approximately 6,000 voice circuits and twelve TV signals. There have been informal predictions that Intelsat V, when and if it should be launched, may be able to carry in the vicinity of 20,000 voice circuits.

Not only is the impact of this vast increase in circuit capacity reflected in the greater ease in obtaining satellite service; even more startling is the lowered cost of furnishing the service. Comsat estimates that its investment per circuit per year in the Early Bird satellite was approximately $25,000. In the Intelsat II generation, the investment had dropped to $13,500; in the Intelsat III's now in service, it is put at $4,500; and when the Intelsat IV's go into service in 1971, the figure will be $1,000—a 25-to-1 reduction in roughly five years.

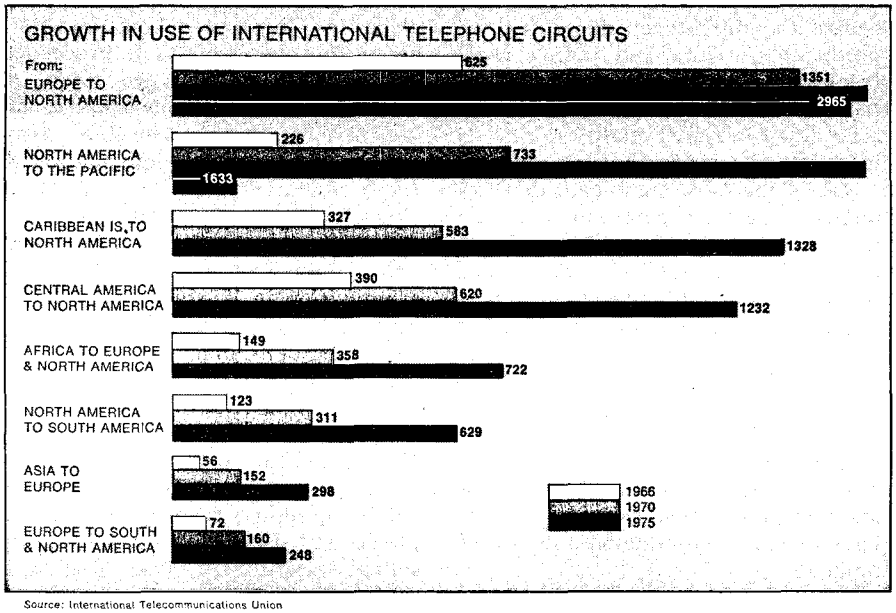
In turn, the charge for a three-minute, station-to-station, off-hours telephone call to London from New York has been reduced from $9 to $5.40; charges for one hour of color TV service across the North Atlantic have been reduced by 81 per cent in two years; and charges to communications companies for transatlantic voice-grade circuits have been cut almost in half, with the further prospect that by 1975 they will be about 25 per cent of the 1968 figure.

The miracle worker that has made all this possible is not a very large or impressive-appearing device. The largest communications satellite now in use is only 56 inches in diameter and 41 inches in length—about the size of a large patio planter—and weighs 334 pounds as it enters space. It is, however, a versatile bird that sits 22,300 miles in the sky over the equator, catches signals sent up to it from Earth, amplifies them, and relays them back to a receiving station on the Earth's surface. In their 44,600-mile trip up and down again, the signals leap with ease over oceans and thick jungles, and penetrate into areas barely out of the tom-tom stage of communication.

The signal projected toward Earth from the satellite takes the shape of a flashlight beam. By adjusting the focus—accomplished in the satellite by regulating the configuration of the antenna—it is possible to widen or narrow the beam. As with a flashlight ray, the wider the beam, the less the signal strength. Specially designed Earth stations are required for sending signals to the satellites and receiving from them. Their size and cost vary according to the strength of the beam from the satellites they work with.

The satellite signal has another characteristic of the flashlight beam; it will not bend around the Earth's curvature. But this is not unduly restrictive. From 22,300 miles in space just three beams will cover most of the Earth's surface. The signal weakens a little as it nears the two poles, but this effect is important only to Canada and the Soviet Union, which need service in the Arctic areas; the great bulk of the populated areas of the world lie in the Temperate and Tropical zones.

One of the most satisfactory features of satellite operations is a very high



Source: International Telecommunications Union

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degree of reliability. The only major crisis occurred just before the *Apollo 11* moon flight, in late June 1969, when the most advanced high-capacity satellite in operation over the Atlantic suddenly went dark. Fortunately, there were spare vehicles in orbit—including the ever willing Early Bird—that were quickly pressed into service, and the world was able to watch the moon walk with no further complications. Just one month later, the misbehaving satellite had been repaired and put back into service—all of this at 22,300 miles from the repairmen, who had no opportunity to fly to the scene with wrenches, pliers, and screwdrivers.

So far the satellites in use have had only one objective: to deliver a signal, whether it be telephone, teletype, facsimile, data, or TV, over long distances. Succeeding this type of satellite probably will be a "distributional" satellite aimed at delivering service in much smaller geographical areas. The Federal Communications Commission recently invited applications for operation of a distribution satellite system for the United States. Canada has plans for an all-Canadian service. Japan also is planning a facility of its own, and a number of plans are under consideration in Europe. These distribution satellites would be largely supplemental, adding to the facilities now available through land lines and microwave relays.

The third developmental stage would be a direct-to-home broadcast delivered through what is commonly called a broadcast satellite. This step may be technically feasible by the late 1970s, but necessary economic, political, and legal preparations probably cannot be made for its common usage before 1985. Many skeptics think that direct-to-home satellite broadcasting will never take place. Most likely, a cross between a distribution satellite and a broadcast satellite will serve underdeveloped regions by delivering service into schools, community buildings, or community antenna systems where programs can be watched by groups.

To date, however, it has been the long-range communications satellite that has commanded the most attention, including that of diplomats. And formulation of a mechanism to plan, launch, and manage a worldwide system of such satellites has necessitated a breakthrough in international relations.

The American entity, Comsat, was formed by a 1962 act of Congress. Originally, 50 per cent of its stock was held by U.S. communications companies and 50 per cent by the public, but some of the carriers' shares have since been sold to private individuals. Twenty per cent of its directors are appointed by the President, the other 80 per cent are elected by shareholders. Comsat, in turn, is the official U.S. representative in the International Telecommunications Satellite consortium, formed in 1964, and owns 53 per cent of its stock. Other Intelsat members, however, have taken steps to reduce Comsat's sway in both stock ownership and management, and while no decision has yet been reached, it is evident that Comsat's ownership share will be reduced substantially and its management decisions will have to be cleared through some type of board of directors or secretariat.

Intelsat, which has approximately seventy members, is the actual owner of the satellites now in commercial operation. Through Comsat it contracts for construction of the satellites, pays NASA for launchings from Cape Kennedy, sets tariffs, and operates the system. Profits, if any, are divided among Intelsat members according to their percentage of ownership of the consortium.

The Soviet Union, though represented at recent conferences in Washington at which the future of Intelsat was discussed, has established its own satellite system, which it calls Orbita. (Orbita uses a nonsynchronous oval-orbit satellite to furnish service across Eastern Europe and Siberia.) The Soviets several times have suggested that other countries join an Intelsat-like system, which the Russians call Inter-Sputnik, but there has been little response.

As would be expected, the United States and the United Kingdom use the majority of Intelsat circuit capacity—approximately 59 per cent. But there is surprisingly high usage by the Philippines, Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Thailand, Iran, Kuwait, Indonesia, and Lebanon.

The story of Chile and Argentina is particularly interesting. Chile now leases forty-four full-time circuits, twenty-three for communications with other Latin American countries and Spain, and twenty-one for the remainder of the world; Argentina leases twelve circuits. The surprising fact about the Chilean-Argentine circuits is that previously there was virtually no communication between the two countries—even though they have a thousand-mile common boundary and their capital cities of Santiago and Buenos Aires are less than an hour apart by jet. The Andes were simply an insuperable barrier to communications.

This suggests that the most dramatic developments of the future well may come in large, sprawling countries in which construction of earth-bound facilities would be too costly and time-consuming to consider. Indonesia, for example, has roughly the same land area as Alaska and consists of three thousand islands spread over hundreds of thousands of square miles of the Southwest Pacific. Only a satellite could efficiently link these isolated segments. Brazil is stymied by thousands of square miles of virtually impenetrable interior, and India by the twin problems of size and poverty. Within a relatively short time, regional or distribution satellites should be able to deliver strong enough signals so that inexpensive Earth stations in these countries could provide a communications system comparable to Intelsat's worldwide service.

India was scheduled to have such an experimental service in 1972, but the United States—which had agreed to provide use of a satellite for the experiment—recently announced a postponement of at least two years due to federal budget cuts. India's only TV transmitter now is in New Delhi, serving fewer than 10,000 sets. Under the experimental plan, the Indian government will provide 5,000 villages with $500 receiving sets for community viewing, then produce programs in family planning, improved agricultural practices, and national culture.

The eight years since Telstar's brief moment in the international spotlight in 1962 indeed has produced startling, even incredible progress. And the pace of the revolution is accelerating. What the next eight years will bring is almost beyond comprehension.

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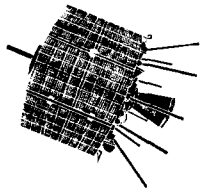
CHALLENGE TO COOPERATION



—UN

U.N. Working Group on Direct Broadcast Satellites—"Rarely . . . have the scientists and technicians remained so far ahead of the legislators."

by JEAN d'ARCY

The age of the communications satellite is upon us, and the prophecies about it are many. Optimists foresee an age of abundance for man, a free flow of audio-visual traffic among peoples. Pessimists fear a contest of ideologies in outer space: satellites at war with each other, like a pair of Indian fighting kites, raining down propaganda in pictures and words upon the populations to be seduced. A failing combatant might then be expected to resort to jamming or even orbital gunnery to silence the potential enemy.

At another level, the pessimists include leaders of countries less well equipped, some of whom fear that the new transmitters in the sky will be dominated by the superpowers and pose a threat to their national sovereignty and even their personal influence. "Soon," said such a cabinet minister from one developing country, "a Nixon or a Kosygin will be able to address our people directly. But will *our* President be able to speak to Russians or Americans? No. He will not even be able to speak to his own people."

Optimists and pessimists alike will probably find they were wrong. Neither the worst fears nor the brightest dreams are likely to be realized in the future age of communications satellites. All we can hope for is that men and nations learn to manage this tool with practical common sense, if not with infinite wisdom.

To do so, some demythologizing is required. Consider the science fiction vision in which broadcasters propel their words and pictures to a capsule in the sky and thereby spellbind entire continents. Technical forecasts are often impressive at the drawing board but do not always turn out to be so in actuality.

It is significant that the results of the propaganda war conducted since World War II on shortwave radio have disappointed those who have invested so much in it—not to mention preempting an important part of a limited natural resource, the radio frequency spectrum. The Master International Frequency Register enumerates 2,066 shortwave radio stations specializing in "overseas broadcasts." Those 2,066 stations use 90 per cent of the shortwave frequency spectrum for broadcasting. The cost-effectiveness of all this activity—in souls converted or minds won over—is very low. So it is likely that the space powers, before carrying their antagonisms into space—before wasting their efforts—will carefully examine whether the stake warrants it. The basis for an international agreement in this matter could be to deny access to satellites for "overseas services"—usually governmental and separate from those used for the national audience.

As for the cabinet minister worried over his leader's access to his own people, most likely if his people are equipped to receive radio and TV programs directly from the satellite, they similarly will be able to receive the speeches of their leader. Modern technology can permit a developing country to skip a cumbersome terrestrial stage of communications development.

The fact remains, however, that people at many levels of government are uneasy about effects of the coming changes in world communications—even those who appreciate all of the potential benefits for instruction, culture, and development. At almost any international meeting on the subject, apprehension is expressed; before adapting to change, many prefer to resist, to defend the universally agreed principles that centuries of closed national boundaries have made possible to erect. We always approach the future from the past. And yet it is possible to discern among the space powers a spirit of mutual tolerance and restraint in their space exploration and use. This gives evidence that there may be at least tacit agreement not to transfer national rivalry to outer space. It is clear, too, that these powers take new initiatives only with the implied or express consent of the others. As in many other cases, new instruments shape new attitudes.

A more realistic view is also necessary as to what forms satellite broadcasting will take. The experts agree today that the *direct* broadcast satellite will not appear suddenly, but rather will be a late phase of a progressive development of space technology and of economic and technical capacities for ground reception. What can be expected in the early stages is launching of regional distribution satellites to serve a limited number of community receiving installations. With such a system, it would be possible for governments to have, if they desired it, substantial control over what their people see and hear.

At the same time, the advent of these satellites will lead to regional or continental structures where nations will gain (very likely through their national broadcasting organizations) a working knowledge of international cooperation in the field of programs. From this experience, international rules of mutual tolerance and neighborliness will develop, permitting maximum advantage to be taken of the new instrument. It is only in extreme cases—which hopefully the pressure of national public opinion will render more and more

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rare—that governments would eventually have recourse to the ultimate weaponry that police controls always give them: the jamming of broadcasts and interdiction of reception.

This is not to minimize the problems. Copyright laws, for example, desperately require reform. Designed for another era, they have been basically unchanged for decades. Yet the problem as it affects international broadcast material is so multifaceted, involving mutual signatories to copyright conventions, that some authorities forecast no solution for perhaps twenty years. What is the present situation?

Intelsat synchronous satellites already provide planetary coverage. Yet in spite of nearly two years of negotiation there has been no agreement among the member countries of Intelsat on the future of the institution. The Soviet Union, meanwhile, successfully runs its own system of orbiting Molniya satellites. Within three to five years a new generation of satellites will be able to beam programs across national boundaries to simple, low-cost, community reception sets, if legal and political problems can be solved.

Rarely has there been such an opportunity for the international community to foresee the coming of a major technological change. Rarely have so much work and energy been devoted by governments, international agencies, universities, foundations, and individuals to finding a proper legal, political, and professional framework to permit full development of a new instrument. Rarely, nevertheless, have the scientists and technicians remained so far ahead of the legislators.

Such are the challenge and the paradox: The communications satellite will not reach its full development without an unprecedented degree of international cooperation on the part of governments. Yet this development demands concessions in precisely that area of national sovereignty which governments have guarded most jealously, and which they have been charged by their peoples to protect and defend. Politically, the choice is between statism and expansion, between the defense of apparently reasonable but soon-to-be-outmoded principles on the one hand and on the other a joint creative search by governments for such new principles and social structures as will permit the communications instrument to evolve.

When one turns to the vital question of who shall control the content of transmissions, the fruits of our fifty-year experience of conventional broadcasting offer a promising seed. Broadcasters—no matter who pays them—assert an allegiance to the public. This has been found to be true both in state-controlled broadcasting systems and in commercial ones; the two systems, seemingly so opposed in their philosophies, have actually evolved in parallel ways. What is impossible for a government is sometimes possible for a journalist. A government's pronouncements are *verbum dei*, but a journalist's thoughts are much less holy and not necessarily to be regarded as interference in the domestic affairs of states. It is in the realm of the journalistic freedom already established by the broadcasters of both systems that we may hope to see a usable pattern for the programing of satellites. To lose this foothold would be serious and sad. International broadcasting via satellite should not be run directly by governments and should not directly involve their dignity. A two-tier structure might solve this dilemma: The satellites would perhaps be owned by intergovernmental regional agencies (governed by the representatives of states), but programs would be the responsibility of nongovernmental organizations established by the broadcasting organizations of the regions.

A precedent for this type of structure exists in Europe. Eurovision and Intervision for fifteen years have been able to circulate an international flow of pictures and sounds throughout the whole of Western and Eastern Europe without, as far as I know, incurring protests from governments. These program exchanges could never have been established if the governments had tried to fix rules in advance—codes and safeguards of the sort presently envisaged for outer-space broadcasts. Among broadcasters it is always possible to work out agreements. This is so because such decisions can sidestep questions of international prestige and sovereignty, while government representatives always have to work according to directives elaborated in the loneliness of governmental offices. International programing may thus be treated as a professional matter, not a political one. Rules and principles could grow out of practice, not dogma.

Technically, there is no major problem to overcome. This is illustrated by the agreement between NASA and the government of India for the experimental broadcasting program described by Sig Mickelson [see p. 21]. The U.S.-India agreement specifically provides that the information gained from the one-year experiment will be available to all nations. Because of the large industrial potential market involved, because of the many benefits men and nations could derive from this type of an expansion and democratization of broadcasting, it is essential that this experiment take place, and that it take place in a country such as India, as initially recommended by UNESCO.

Meanwhile, technology will further develop and experiments will come: more powerful transmitters, with narrower antenna beams able to delineate smaller surface areas, and the introduction of new frequency bands yet to be allocated by the world regulatory body in this field, the International Telecommunication Union. Here, too, lies another challenge to cooperation within the international community. A World Administrative Radio Conference called by the ITU will meet in June 1971, to deal with space communications, including the allocation of frequency bands for satellite broadcasting. On this occasion it will be more necessary than ever that national administrations recognize their inter-

(*Continued on page* 72)

"It's not just any dawn. It's the dawn of civilization."

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Village or Prison?

The significance of communications has seldom been more pithily expressed than in Aristotle's comment that the size of a political unit is determined by the range of a single man's voice. He was thinking of the Greek world, of course, where all the citizens of a city-state such as Athens could assemble in one place and attend to their common affairs.

According to this yardstick, the entire world today is a potential single community; there is no part of the globe that is not within range of a single man's voice. Hence the ultimate significance of the marriage of electronics to words is that it sets a stage for government on a world scale. The fundamental questions that now have to be asked are: What kinds of forces will shape it? What will be the philosophy behind it? Will it ennoble or diminish the individual?

The prospects of world management are both magnificent and terrifying. The same mechanism that can bring words of sanity and inspiration to virtually every part of the planet can also carry messages intended to manipulate the species. The same technological miracles that can create a global village can create an authoritarian arena. The same electronic instruments that can provide an educational upsurge never before known by humankind can impose a stifling uniformity on the collective intelligence. Computers can emancipate man from drudgery or they can make him a numbered unit; they can record not just his vital statistics but his ideas and politics. Satellites cruising through space can activate picture machines in his home that can either entertain or mesmerize. In short, man can reach his highest development or can slide into an age of depersonalization.

The fiendish possibilities are becoming less hypothetical all the time. The very fact that the means exist or can be devised for the total control of man by man exerts a prodigious force toward that end. Folly has only to be recognized to become irresistible.

It would be simple enough to avert a terrible downturn in the human condition if all that was involved here were the need for people to register a choice. But the issue here is not likely to be resolved just by a general world consensus against darkness and for light. If the global village is not to become a global prison, much work has to be done. The ability of humans to put disparate pieces together will have to be tested as never before. To a sense of history will have to be added a painstaking attention to all the details required for the building of a world society safe and fit for man. For the wrong kind of world government will surely come about by drift if the right kind is not created by design. Man's machines and his cathode tubes will overtake him unless he assiduously creates the specific institutions that can provide responsible controls.

Creating an authoritarian society requires no triumph of the intelligence. Cunning, yes, and a great deal of force; but not systematic knowledge or respect for the particularized needs of all of its members. A single man, riding the crest of power, can sometimes fashion a state as an extension of his own ego. But the creation of a representative and responsible society is a sustained and demanding collective enterprise, the most convincing example of which occurred in Philadelphia one hundred and eighty years ago.

Making sense out of our world in our time; dealing imaginatively and responsibly with all the elements of increasing breakdown; addressing ourselves to basic causes of war and not just to their consequences; turning man's dominant energies to producing something less suicidal and more edifying than holocaust-making weapons; respecting the precarious conditions that make life possible; assuring an adequate supply of oxygen and unpoisoned water; ensuring the right of separate peoples to separate cultures and institutions; using science and technology in a way that frees man rather than diminishes him—all these require heroic collective efforts on a scale yet unknown in human experience.

If history has anything useful to say to us in these matters, it is that we can avert a monolithic world government not by positioning ourselves against all forms of world authority but by creating a world *federal* government. By this is meant a pluralistic world society of responsible powers in which the central authority is adequate to the protection of its members and is responsive to world opinion. Such a federal government might be considered beyond man's reach if it were beyond his imagining. But an age that has put men on the moon shouldn't have to be reminded that what is conceivable is attainable. —N.C.

Ennui

by Ernest Kroll

Tomorrow
(*Plus ça change*)
And to-
morrow
(*Plus c'est*)
And to-
morrow
(*La même chose*)
Creeps in.

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Landmark for World Travel

The start of the second decade of jet air travel, highlighted by the advent of the huge 747 and the onrushing prospect of supersonic transportation, has coincided in the final third of this century with the revolutionary emergence of communications satellites (see p. 17) to mark the dawn of a technetronic era that will ultimately transform the Earth into a global village.

The implications for good and ill of this awesome conjunction are as overwhelming as they are difficult to assess.

That is why a little-noted conference of eighty-two nations in Mexico City earlier this month was of such unusual significance. It marked a historic landmark in the evolution of international tourism, already the single largest factor in world trade, totaling $20.5-billion expended by 106 million travelers from 125 countries last year. At the conference, tourism passed from basically a technical concern of nations to the decisive stage of full governmental responsibility for its maximum economic, political, social, and cultural development under the general auspices of the United Nations and its member governments.

This long-advocated, long-debated transformation did not take place easily either for the governments concerned or for the world travel industry with its vast multibillion-dollar apparatus of air, sea, and land transportation, of far-flung hotels, of rapidly expanding facilities for visitor recreation and education, and of increasing resources for safeguarding the physical and cultural environment of the leading tourist destination areas.

The stakes in the present scale and future potential of world tourism are so great for the national economies of both developed and developing countries that critical differences—political, economic, and technical—among the ideological and geographical blocs assembled in the great hall of Mexico's Foreign Ministry could ultimately be reconciled, though not without exhaustive debate and skilled diplomacy. The compelling vision of a new World Tourism Organization (WTO) as an intergovernmental and executing arm of the United Nations committed to the accelerated expansion of world travel prevailed over the many regional and ideological differences evident among the eighty-two delegations present at the conference from Asia, Africa, Latin America, the Middle East, Europe, and North America. The final vote was unanimous, itself a remarkable tribute to the healing powers of tourism.

The conference was officially an extraordinary general assembly of the International Union of Official Travel Organizations (IUOTO), the ranking forum of the world's 105 leading travel nations. The assembly had been called after four years of preparatory study for the specific purpose of transforming the union, basically a technical organization composed of government tourist offices, into a new intergovernmental agency, the WTO, with political powers as well as economic resources for lifting the growth scale of world tourism to an entirely new dimension of development. When finally constituted and its links with the U.N. Development Program and other U.N. organs established, the WTO will have official access to international funds amounting to several hundred millions of dollars, some of which can be allocated for building up the desperately needed infrastructure of tourism among developing countries as well as improving/expanding many of the facilities of the developed tourist countries. This will be only one facet of the tremendous resources WTO will eventually be able to draw on.

The implications of WTO for the vast human enterprise of world travel—an industry without smokestacks that swiftly and efficiently generates foreign exchange as well as international trade—will be enormous when wide political and economic powers are joined to the already vital capacities of governments to facilitate the global movement of travelers; to encourage or impede the basic human freedom of travel through the regulation of customs, immigration, foreign exchange allowances, tourist taxes, visas, and passports; and to fix import quotas and tax concessions for the private capital development of a nation's tourist operation.

With WTO finally in existence, sometime in 1971 after formal ratification by fifty-one or more governments, the worldwide tourism infrastructure should begin to expand at a geometric rate. Governments will be more responsive to the great human and economic potential of world tourism than ever before. Despite war, tension, and suspicion, the economic and political barriers to human movement in freedom around the globe are being reduced measurably.

The rising world revolution of great expectations has given man a vision of his planet as it ought to be and that, granting the tremendous obstacles, seems capable of fulfillment. Trade rivalries, war, isolation, fear of the future, and obsession with the past still mar man's rational path to a better world, but these old shibboleths appear to be losing much of their ancient evocative power.

During the decade of the Seventies, it will be one of the tasks of the United States, all major world travel destinations, and the tourism industry to see that compassion, optimism, and a mounting degree of internationalism prevail in the relations among men and nations.

As the technological revolution presses forward around the globe, the need for relief from the tensions of our technopolis will increase. Change, recreation, tranquillity, new experience, life-seeing, and life-learning are and will be even more the business and social contribution of the travel industry to a better world and life for man.

WTO can be one of the great tools of the age for breaking down national and parochial barriers to help forge a more united community of man, based on world law and order. Creation of WTO was a bold act of faith and vision. The United States and all travel-dedicated governments must commit themselves wholeheartedly to fulfilling the great promise of the new World Tourism Organization, for travel is essentially a civilizing experience in an uncivil time of troubles. —WILLIAM D. PATTERSON.

Spills of Glimmer

by Samuel Hazo

Between this barely bearable
room and home—three
states—the main cities
of these states—the people
of these cities—the doings
of these people—the reasons
for these doings—the difference
of these reasons—the puzzle
of this difference—the probing
of this puzzle—the impulse
for this probing . . . .

Tomorrow,
from thirty thousand feet
at three quick states per hour,
what keeps me wide-
asleep tonight shall be
no more than spills of glimmer
called Chicago, Cleveland,
Youngstown, Pittsburgh.

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Letters to the Editor

Mahler and Mann

BEING WELL ACQUAINTED with the origins of the novel *Death in Venice,* I wish to declare that the story concerning Gustav Mahler and Thomas Mann, reported in Hollis Alpert's article "Visconti in Venice" [*SR,* Aug. 8] is utterly untrue. My husband felt great admiration for Gustav Mahler. He most certainly never met him on a train or under the circumstances described by Mr. Alpert. The protagonist and plot of *Death in Venice* have absolutely no relationship to Mahler. Neither my husband nor myself nor any of my children, grandchildren, or great-grandchildren have ever told anyone anything even remotely similar to that regrettable invention.

MRS. THOMAS MANN,
Kilchberg, Switzerland.

As Gustav Mahler's daughter, it seems necessary for me to reply with a few lines to the article "Visconti in Venice" by Hollis Alpert. Mr. Alpert is generally considered a responsible journalist, but in this case he has neglected the first duty of a reporter: to check his facts and his sources.

I, however, have checked with the family of Thomas Mann and have a letter in which Professor Golo Mann calls the Mahler-Mann anecdote, in a train from Venice, a despicable invention and a bare-faced lie, and disavows any intention on the part of Thomas Mann to identify Aschenbach with Mahler.

The damage is done, and the cheap publicity that will probably result from *SR*'s having published this stupid and ridiculous piece undoubtedly will be most welcomed by the producers of the film.

There are by now many detailed biographies of Mahler, and if Mr. Alpert really believed that Dirk Bogarde, the actor, was in a position to reveal a tidbit to him that had been withheld from the public, he could have checked not only with the Mann family but with any of the Mahler scholars who presumably know as much about the intimate details of Mahler's life as Mr. Bogarde.

ANNA MAHLER,
Spoleto, Italy.

HAVING WRITTEN an unpublished thesis on Gustav Mahler, I read with some interest Hollis Alpert's account of Luchino Visconti's filming of *Death in Venice.* The question of Mahler's impact on Thomas Mann's conception of von Aschenbach is fascinating, and I hope I can clarify it somewhat.

It is extremely doubtful that Mann met Mahler in 1911 on a train coming back from Venice. Mahler conducted in New York until late February of that year, when he became too ill to continue. Shortly thereafter he left by boat for Paris, deathly sick, from where he continued to Vienna, where he died on May 11. There is no record of his having made a trip to Venice at this time, and, given his physical condition, it is hard to believe he could have undertaken one.

But here the tale does not end. Mann *did* meet Mahler in September 1910 in Munich, where Mahler gave the first performance of his Eighth Symphony. After the final rehearsal, Mann and his wife joined the Mahlers for tea; afterward, he remarked that for the first time in his life he had the feeling of having met a genuinely great man (this remark is quoted indirectly by Erika Mann in the introduction to her volume of her father's letters, *Thomas Mann Briefe: 1889-1936,* published in Berlin in 1961).

Several years later, in 1921, an artist named Wolfgang Born sent Mann several drawings of incidents in *Death in Venice.* Born's sketch of von Aschenbach bore such a startling resemblance to Mahler that Mann wrote him a letter (reproduced in the 1961 collection) explaining that Mahler's intense personality had so impressed him that he had endowed his hero not only with the first name of the composer but with his physical characteristics.

TREVOR CUSHMAN III,
Westport, Conn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Clearly, there was no encounter between Mann and Mahler on a train from Venice in 1911. We are grateful to Mrs. Mann and Miss Mahler for setting the record straight.*

For the Birds

LEO ROSTEN, in his article "An Innocent in Birdland" [*SR,* Sept. 5], says: "Actually, homing pigeons get confused quite easily. They perform best on runs for which they have been carefully trained, step by step. The farthest the smartest pigeon can make it back to home is under fifty miles." As a homing pigeon fancier with more than twenty years' successful racing experience flying a course from Los Angeles to Salt Lake City with races over distances as great as 600 air miles, I should like to clarify a point insignificant to most people, but important to members of the American Racing Pigeon Union. Through the years we have discovered that pigeons bred from long-distance families can regularly fly long distances (500 to 600 miles) over unfamiliar territory provided they are in proper physical condition.

CHESTER M. TODD,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

Voice of Dissent

IN HIS REVIEW of *Eldridge Cleaver,* "Voices of Dissent" [*SR,* Sept. 19], movie critic Arthur Knight fails to make clear whether the statement "a fair trial for Black Panthers is, to put it mildly, unlikely" is his or Cleaver's opinion. I am sure it is Cleaver's, but I gather from the general tone of the review that it is Knight's as well.

Such broad generalizations as this one frequently appear in *SR*'s pages as though they are home truths as solidly founded as geometrical theorem, brooking no argument from the likes of anyone not of a similar liberal persuasion.

Well, as regards this specific comment, I want to argue. What support is there for such a statement? I realize it is generally accepted dogma now that all police are embarked on a calculated program of Black Panther extermination. But this is the first I have seen it baldly stated that the courts are a party to such a program. And I am inclined to doubt it.

FRANK DOAK,
Ligonier, Pa.

"Heroes? For me, sir, they would be those largely unsung, visionary men who spent the Fifties buying Xerox."

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The Public and Private Pepys

by J. H. PLUMB

THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS: A New and Complete Transcription Vols. I-III (1660-62)

edited by Robert Latham and William Matthews

University of California Press, 942 pp., $27

For nearly one hundred years Samuel Pepys's diary, written in seventeenth-century shorthand, lay virtually unknown on the shelves of the library he bequeathed to his old college, Magdalene at Cambridge. At that time his reputation was a modest one: he had been an admirable civil servant, a Fellow of the Royal Society, a benefactor of his college—and that was about all.

The success of John Evelyn's diary in 1818 stimulated interest in the few who knew of the existence of Pepys's journal. A young scholar, John Smith, was put to work, and in three years he made an admirable transcript, which Lord Braybrooke, the editor designate, then slashed to his heart's content with the lofty abandon of nineteenth-century aristocratic scholarship. And so the most famous diary in the English-speaking world was launched. Sir Walter Scott puffed it in the *Quarterly Review*, Francis Jeffrey panned it in the *Edinburgh*, only Thomas Creevey damned it as "trash." The public bought it and loved it. Three printings were rapidly consumed, and throughout the century its reputation grew. More of the diary was published in better editions, culminating in Wheatley's edition of 1893-9. By the turn of the century Pepys was a household name, regarded as one of the great writers of English literature, a man who could, without offense, be placed alongside Chaucer, to whom he was frequently compared.

Naturally, historians and scholars pillaged the diary to enrich their own books on seventeenth-century England, so that the period came to be seen through the eyes of Pepys; the Restoration, the Plague, the Great Fire were all reflected from his looking glass. Selections from the diary have been published over and over again, giving delight to millions, but always from the old nineteenth-century edition.

Finally, the long-heralded complete, scholarly edition is with us—three volumes now published, and eight to go. This, the editors stress, is the *whole* diary, published for the first time. The additional material is not large—ninety erotic passages, mainly very short, dealing with Pepys's sexual gropings, and accounts of five days that previous editors omitted through carelessness (they add but little). Apart from the erotica, which give a little more insight into the hot and urgent nature of Pepys's sexuality, the most important aspect of this edition is its accuracy. On every page there are a number of small changes, restitutions of Pepys's forthright language and the like, which add immeasurably to its quality. At last we have Pepys's diary as he wrote it. Each year of the diary is given one volume, and the last two will contain an index and a compendium of essays by the leading scholars of the seventeenth century on the major topics that interested Pepys. His pride, never in short supply, would have swelled at the sight of it, and rightly so, for it is admirably done. The pitfalls of too much scholarship have been neatly avoided, yet there is enough to elucidate where elucidation is needed. The

J. H. PLUMB, editor of the History of Human Society series, wrote *The Death of the Past* and *The Growth of Political Stability in England, 1675-1725.*

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editors who spent twenty years of their lives in the service of Pepys deserve to be rewarded.

But does Samuel Pepys deserve so splendid a monument or such enduring fame? Or did he just strike a particular chord in the sensibilities of nineteenth- and early twentieth-century Englishmen and Americans, which reverberates less and less in our own times? Is he indeed a great writer, one of those rare human beings who can capture for all time not only our hopes and despairs but also the fleeting moments that make up our daily lives, or is he merely a valuable historical source whose literary importance has been inflated? It is not easy to decide.

Anyone reading Pepys for the first time, and unfamiliar with the London of his day, might easily find him a bore. The early entries in the diary are detailed yet matter of fact. They contain next to no self-analysis. There are no descriptions of buildings, nor even descriptions of people—the only physical facts Pepys tells us about Charles II are that he was over six feet tall and walked very fast. Reading the first volume is rather like suddenly awakening in the middle of a man's life, expected to know everyone he meets and all the places he goes. One must persist for a hundred or so pages; not until then does the miracle work. Like a parasite, one slowly enters Pepys's bloodstream and sees his world with the clarity of his own eyes. This capacity of the diary to absorb the reader totally is extremely important. It heightens the sense of truth, convinces us perhaps too easily of the reality of all that Pepys observes, and so creates dangers for the historian while it makes him irresistible to the general reader. His ability to make the reader a participant in his daily life was certainly responsible for Pepys's success in Victorian England. His preoccupations, so intensely felt, were those of his readers. Pepys's career as recorded in the diary would have gratified Samuel Smiles.

When the Journal opens, on January 1, 1660, Pepys was just beginning to rise in the world. He was twenty-seven. Of modest origins—his father was a London tailor—he was nevertheless curiously well-connected, for some of his relatives were minor gentry in Cambridgeshire and Huntingdonshire, and one had married into the great family of Montagu, who became Pepys's patrons. Pepys was well-educated, but for a poor, aspiring pseudo-gentleman he made a disastrous start in life. He improvidently married at twenty-two (a phenomenally early age for the 1650s) a penniless girl of fifteen, Elizabeth St. Michel, the daughter of a French Huguenot. He remained pas-

Samuel Pepys, Esq.—a hunger for the rare and the curious.

sionately in love with her until she died in 1669, though he was often maddened by her; quarrels, even blows, litter the diary. Her slightest flirtation provoked Pepys to a paroxysm of jealousy. Before the diary opens, they had separated for several months, only to come together again. Sometimes Pepys took great joy in her; sometimes she seems to have kept him unsatisfied. Maybe, as Professor J. P. Kenyon suggests, she was somewhat frigid, and so drove Pepys to amorous intrigues. Whatever the reason, the relationship is described with such honest realism, with such passion linked to kindness, at times with such worries about her extravagance and sluttishness, at others with such pride in her beauty and finery, that it becomes both absorbing and deeply moving. There is nothing, however, to envy; most men can read Pepys (and this is partly a reason for his popularity) and feel a smug sense of superiority. In spite of Pepys's tantrums and his infidelities, his wife always won. By laying bare all his shortcomings Pepys keeps himself free from pomposity: here is no hypocrisy, only a humanity common to us all.

The fascinating relationship with his wife was, however, merely the spice for the feast Pepys provided to the Victorians. His real grip on their hearts came from his rise from rags to riches. Like all success stories, it was studded with anxieties, with ominous men of power who threatened disaster, with golden-hearted patrons, and cautious and mildly dishonest exploitations of power by Pepys himself.

In 1660 Pepys scarcely possessed a guinea. He held a minor post at the Exchequer and acted as an accountant in the household of Edward Montagu, one of the leading naval officers in the Commonwealth, who, after the death of Oliver Cromwell, began to intrigue for the return of Charles II. And Charles's restoration, brilliantly described in the diary—not in brilliant prose, but with an almost photographic accuracy that creates a far more heightened sense of reality than any fine writing could do—made Pepys's career. When Montagu went over to Holland to fetch Charles, Pepys acted as his secretary. Deeply impressed by his efficiency, Montagu obtained two posts for Pepys: the major one of Clerk of the Acts for the Navy, and a more lucrative one at the Privy Seal. Within a year, Pepys had accumulated over £300. The sweet smell of success rushed to his head. He drank hard, ate wolfishly, and went to the newly reopened theater several times a week. But after two years his strong Puritan streak reasserted itself. Pepys forsook plays and wine, and, rising at 4 a.m. with no hangover, found that time for work abounded.

Pepys set himself to learn how to run a navy. He mastered arithmetic, he learned the complex methods of costing timber, hemp and tar. He reorganized his office and its records, and made two powerful allies—the King's brother, James, Duke of York, and Mr. Secretary Coventry. At the end of Volume III the road to success was open, and Pepys's love of its trappings was being allowed full indulgence.

Like his private life, Pepys's official career was full of minor peccadilloes. He received large and handsome gifts from merchants with whom he dealt; at times, let's face it, he took bribes. If he placed a man in a job, a return was expected. As with his infidelities, these irregularities filled Pepys with both anxiety and elation. Lacking the awful moral priggery of a John Evelyn, Pepys appears in his journal as intensely human, with a keen appetite for love and success yet so fissured with the common weaknesses that he never loses our sympathy.

I feel, however, that these aspects of Pepys may not capture the imagination of this generation as they did our fathers'. His almost naïve delight in the acquisition of expensive things —clothes, coaches, silver, pictures, books in fine bindings—may nauseate those already glutted with this world's goods. His delight in hierarchy, in being treated with deference and humility, his unbridled joy in seeing "Esquire" on a letter addressed to him, are unlikely to be shared by those who reject the idea of status. Even so, I think the diary will still be read, for Pepys reveals an era that is as strangly different as he himself is familiar.

Pepys's world lacked the amenities of modern living to an astonishing degree, even though it was a world of constantly widening horizons. Novel-

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ties, and there were many in the London of his time, heightened the sense of wonder, of curiosity, that pervaded so much of Pepys's life. Pepys's London possessed no newspapers as we know them, only an official gazette containing a little foreign news, usually stale, so that Pepys had to spend hours every day at the Royal Exchange or in Westminster Hall catching up on events. Rumor was more frequent than truth, and to assess rumor was almost a hopeless task. Coffee houses and taverns were never mere places of refreshment; they were essential sources of news and intellectual entertainment. There Pepys met his sea captains and heard about the far-off lands that Europe was still discovering, in tales where fantasy and fact wildly intermingled. There were few other amusements. After 1660 a few poor theaters came into existence; they revived, year in, year out, English plays of the last fifty or sixty years. The acting was often poor, the scenery primitive, yet Pepys was addicted to this "most rare" entertainment.

Apart from the theater, there were nothing but fairs and puppet shows. It was natural, therefore, for men and women to meet and make music, or play games that we now regard as fit only for children, or tell each other stories—mostly fairy tales or wild romances. Gatherings in each other's houses were constant; a day scarcely passed in which people did not visit Pepys's house or he other people's. Indeed, the Londoners of Pepys's day lived more like men and women in a village than in a great city. One is also struck by the poverty. Pepys never had a sirloin of beef in his own house until he was twenty-eight. Luxury goods were rare and expensive, and this is the clue to much of Pepys's delight in finery. Pepys's world, therefore, was both ignorant and poor, yet one in which there was a growing sense of achievement, of advance.

Take books: although printing was 200 years old by Pepys's day, it was only in his time that a man of modest income might acquire a small library at a reasonable cost. A great diversification in the printing of books had taken place—plays, romances, travelers' tales, maps, and books for self-education began to proliferate. To Pepys and his contemporaries these were marvels to buy, to display proudly in the best bindings, and perhaps to read. And so it was with the new science. It was natural for Pepys to join the Royal Society. He possessed little scientific knowledge, but he hungered like a provincial for "the rare and the curious."

So much of Pepys's delight springs

(*Continued on page 71*)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Lindbergh's "Foresight"

I HAD NEVER FELT SORRY for Barry Goldwater until I read his review of the Lindbergh *Journals* [*SR*, Oct. 3], and imagined what soul-searching he must have undergone in attempting to reconcile the obvious contradictions, misconceptions, and prejudices. I am puzzled that Mr. Goldwater can ascribe "uncanny foresight" to a man who seriously entertained the notion, in 1941, that Franklin D. Roosevelt could have been impeached.

Mr. Lindbergh is disturbed by Western culture's loss of "the genetic heredity formed through eons [he should look to his geologic tables!] in many million lives" but nevertheless attributes the decadence of England to the fact that "A great tradition can be inherited, but greatness itself must be won." One wonders how Mr. Lindbergh considers the genetic heredity of Western civilization to have been lost. Surely hundreds of millions of people obviously survived the war and are even now reproducing—at an ecologically alarming rate, in fact. Of course, it is quite obvious by reading between the lines what Mr. Lindbergh apparently deplores: not the actual loss of any genetic heredity, but the fact that pure Aryan "culture" has continued to be adulterated and diluted by the lesser breeds, including the Slavs and Jews, whom the Nazis almost succeeded in wiping off the face of the earth.

MARTIN INKELAS, M.D.,
San José, Calif.

LIKE ANY CITIZEN in a free country, Mr. Lindbergh was, and is, entitled to his views. If, a generation ago, he espoused the cause of the "America First Movement," this was his right. That he preferred the Nazis to the British—for whatever reasons—is, I believe, common knowledge. But what is inexcusable is his repeating the calumny he first uttered in public in the fall of 1941 that, in addition to the British and Roosevelt, it was the Jews who instigated America's entry into World War II.

At that time his statement, inflammatory as it was, backfired, and many people who were in accord with the "America First" idea saw through Lindbergh's words and recognized them for what they were: A subtle appeal to lowest prejudice.

He noted in his diary that the Germans "undoubtedly had a difficult Jewish problem. . . ." This was written a few days after the "Crystal Night" when almost all synagogues in Germany went up in flames, when many German Jews (including the writer of these lines) were arrested and thrown into concentration camps, from which many never returned alive.

What "difficult Jewish problem" did

exist in the Germany of those days? A nation of 70 million had in their midst considerably less than 500,000 Jews. I can testify to this: I was the Rabbi of a German congregation at that time, and the scion of a long line of German Jews. German Jewry had long been decimated by a death rate far higher than the birth rate. The inflation that ruined the German economy in the early Twenties had affected the Jews of Germany particularly strongly, since they mostly belonged to the middle class. In view of these facts alone does it appear credible that a gigantic nation of "poets and philosophers" could feel even in the least threatened by such a small, powerless minority? No intelligent German believed this even in those days.

Senator Goldwater, who in his review quite openly shows the points on which he disagrees with Lindbergh, still reviews that dubious work in rather a benevolent spirit. Politically, I am poles apart from the honorable Senator, but I have always respected his sincerity and integrity. Did it ever occur to him that, if Lindbergh's scheme had succeeded, he, as an admitted half-Jew, might have shared the fate of six million innocent human beings who fell victims to the Hitler Holocaust? Aside from this, can he share Lindbergh's contention that Western civilization would have been better off had America never helped to defeat the Nazis? Would anything have been possible to forestall the gradual unfolding of Russian and Chinese Communism and the uprising of the nonwhite populations, all of which are responsible for the chaos of our present day?

HARRIS H. HIRSCHBERG,
Encino-Tarzana, Calif.

THE OLD JOKE "An anti-Semite is one who hates Jews more than necessary" could only have been spoken by a Jew. But what are we to make of Charles A. Lindbergh's "They [the Germans] have undoubtedly had a difficult Jewish problem, but why is it necessary to handle it so unreasonably"? Whether Lindbergh had "uncanny foresight" is debatable, but the easy assumption that the loyal and vigorous Jewish population of Germany was a problem in 1938 shows that he deserved to be discredited.

STEPHEN N. APPLEY, M.D.,
Beverly Hills, Calif.

In the Eye of the Beholder

HILTON KRAMER, who reviewed the works of Samuel Beckett [*SR*, Oct. 3], is obviously a despairing man, and thus sees despair (the handmaiden of absurdity) in Beckett's writings. I consider myself a hopeful person, and thus see hope in Beckett's works. So Mr. Kramer is reinforced, but so am I.

T. MITCHELL,
Chicago, Ill.

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THE SOCIAL CONTRACT: A Personal Inquiry Into the Evolutionary Sources of Order and Disorder

by Robert Ardrey

Atheneum, 405 pp., $10

Reviewed by Melvin M. Tumin

■ Modern mass culture, with its capacity for rapid worldwide dissemination of information, taste, and scandal, should be able to bridge the gap between trained minds and untrained consumers, so that today's scientific findings would, by tomorrow at the latest, be in the possession of laymen, at some decent level albeit popularized. But the mass media, including book clubs, seem more often to insure that the layman's version of science will be distorted, or shallow, or even downright erroneous, with the propagation of false doctrine being justified on the grounds that it is provocative and controversial.

A major contributor to some of the most widespread mistaken ideas about man is Robert Ardrey. His first two books—*African Genesis* and *The Territorial Imperative*—were largely demolished in scientific reviews. Ardrey knows this full well, but it does not daunt him at all. For, in this latest nonbook, he says: "And so, since I lose my reputation anyway as regularly as oak trees lose their leaves. . . ." and then goes on to present still another piece of nonsense.

The thesis of *The Social Contract* is apparently simple but logically meaningless. Ardrey argues that nature creates men with quite diverse talents and that a "just society" has the obligation to provide enough order to protect its members, whatever their native endowments, and sufficient disorder to provide every individual with full opportunity to develop his special endowment. But, since the ingredients of order and disorder are never *differentially* specified, and since the particular talents Ardrey would like to see developed in every individual are similarly unspecified, we have no way of testing whether what he says is true or false. Moreover, since Ardrey himself indicates that men have all kinds of competing natural talents—for violence and peace, for beauty and ugliness, for selfishness and altruism (you name it and it is there in the genes, according to Ardrey)—it is impossible to say in any meaningful sense what the book is about. If neither the outcome to be achieved nor the means for achieving it are stated in testable terms, how can one decide what is true and what is false?

On the first page of the book we are informed that the curse of the modern world is a false idea of equality, stemming from the Declaration of Independence, and that we shall destroy our civilization and its greatest potentials by pursuing the notion that all men are created equal. The editor of *Life* magazine calls this a provocative idea. But of whom or what is it provocative? How much more wrongly could one read Jefferson than to believe that when he spoke of men being equal, he was speaking of anything other than their rights? Who today, anywhere, of repute or even of no repute, maintains that men are equal in their natural endowments? And where in any intellectual circles, real or pseudo, is there any notion more dominant than that of the obligation of a just society to provide everyone with equal opportunity to develop his individual talents? That most advocates of this idea are just as vague about which talents they have in mind does not alter the fact of their commitment to the principle of equal opportunity.

Ardrey's initial formulations are developed with considerable care to preserve their initial ambiguity. For we discover that the enemies of the just society—that is, the forces that prevent the proper balance between order and disorder—include the denial of our innate violence *and* the yielding to its pressures; man's arrogance about his powers *and* his failure to use them; the oppression of new leadership *and* the failure to evoke new leadership; the pursuit of a triad of basic needs—adventure, security, and identity—*and* the failure to pursue them; the assertion of the supremacy of the animal in us *and* the denial of that animality; the selective wisdom of evolutionary laws as they cull the prizes from the proles *and* the failure of that wisdom to operate. All of these, plus overcrowding, sexual freedom, drugs, and science are identified as major enemies working against the fulfilment of the social contract. Clearly, there is something here for everybody.

As in his previous books, Ardrey amasses a wealth of material from studies of animal behavior in support of his thesis. But, again as in his previous books, the data seem either trivial or irrelevant or both. For the gap

between animals and men—the gap defined in part by such things as the uniquely human concern for matters like God's grace, enduring love, sculpture, rock music, and the merits of psychedelic drugs—is once again blithely ignored.

Ardrey pays passing tribute to his new recognition of the significance of human uniqueness when he says:

> And perhaps the true uniqueness of man arises from his being the first tragic animal. We are the first, so far as we know, permitted self-estimate, permitted remembrance of things long past, permitted visions of things to come. We have been permitted pleasures transcending the joys of other animals, since we may savor ours in time's long contrasts.

Yet just nine pages earlier he has written:

> Masses of hard evidence are today destroying the essential premise of the three central sciences of human understanding, that a discontinuity exists between human and other animals. I might until recent years have accepted a single human capacity as uniquely ours, shared with no creature below the rank of *Homo*. This is our recognition of death and our tendency for ritual.

And that is the way it goes throughout the book: first an assertion and then, shortly thereafter, an assertion to the contrary.

Thus on one page there is a properly strong insistence on the error of the Lamarckian notion that animals can inherit, genetically, characteristics that were acquired during the lifetime of an individual.

> That acquired characteristics may be inherited, as most of us know, was the interpretation given to evolution by the French naturalist Lamarck. In Darwin's inability to explain variation he was frequently tempted to embrace the idea, yet, fortunately, for the most part resisted it. Lamarckism has been disproved in the laboratory over and over again.

Now listen to the same author later in the same book:

> That in our evolving days the female did not hunt has suggested to Adriaan Kortlandt a most curious hangover virtually universal in our species. It is the "girlish" throw. Women throw underhand as does the chimp, and few with whatever frustrating practice can achieve the overhand throw of the man. His is a motor pattern which only the male has inherited, perfected by many thousands of generations of armed hunting.

And, "... it is not fire that the predator

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fears but the man beside it. Like most animals, he has acquired a respect, by now probably innate, for man and his weapons that kill at a distance."

Perhaps most egregious of all is the following:

> I myself see the origin of grammar in storytelling, in subjects and predicates, in tales told so long ago that they preceded the expansion of the human brain and contributed to its organization. . . . Thus the storytelling patterns may have supplied a biological foundation for what we call grammar.

Throughout the book, too, Ardrey insists on the essential wisdom of the evolutionary process as it culls the weak from the strong and the alphas from the omegas. Yet, in a rare moment of uncertainty, he says:

> Looking back across that incalculable sea from the time that is now to the times that once were, I find it beyond our powers of discrimination to evaluate like some deceased's estate our varied inheritances from the hominid. Which was worth more, which less? Which has enhanced the hopes of civilized man, which, maladaptive, has damaged us?

Ardrey is careful to insist that the cardinal sin in science, teleology, or imputing purposes to nature's processes, must be avoided at all costs. Yet very early in the book he declares:

> That both fish and seabirds tend to have white undersides to provide camouflage against the sky from an underwater point of view has been long assumed. The proposition was demonstrated during World War II when British planes on antisubmarine patrol improved their records by painting the planes' undersides white. It is further confirmed by a mixed-up creature, the Nile catfish, who through some unhappy mutation got his white on top and the dark beneath. He compensates successfully by swimming upside down.

The reader may rest assured that this is only one of many such assertions regarding traits that animals either possess or acquire in order to do something or other.

Nor is Ardrey above burlesqueing his "opponents' " views and representing them in such distorted fashion that one must wonder whether he has ever read them, or, if he has, whether he has ever understood. Thus:

> The sociologist since the days of Durkheim denies biological influence on our social arrangements, and in a bastard paraphrase of Protagoras maintains that the proper study of sociology is sociology. The behaviorist maintains that all of human behavior is predicated by the conditioned reflex, that the baby born comes into this world a *tabula rasa*, with neither genetic prejudice nor inborn identity, and will act as did Pavlov's salivating dogs in predictable response to association of punishment or reward. Man is clay; no more. Harvard's B. F. Skinner, with his reinforcement theory, is today the tsar of such psychology. Cultural anthropology, the third of the sciences, maintains that man is a product solely of his culture. . . .
>
> But we are not the sole product of the parental relationship, as the Freudians would suggest, nor are we the simplistic, identical ciphers that the behaviorists would find convenient.

These are intellectually cheap and false versions of complex and important theories of human behavior. Ardrey clearly seeks to titillate and reinforce the well-known lowbrow prejudices against them.

As was to be expected, Ardrey prefers deeper mysteries than these theories provide. Thus he quotes Jung approvingly: " 'Just as our bodies still keep the reminders of old functions and conditions in many old-fashioned organs, so our minds too, which apparently have outgrown those archaic tendencies, nevertheless bear the marks of the evolution passed through, and the very ancient re-echoes, at least dreamily, in fantasies.' "

One might overlook these errors of thought, fact, and conception if the central thesis of Ardrey's book were clear, strong, and interesting. But it is none of these. For the book reduces to nothing more than an élitest complaint that the alphas—the men chosen by biological nature to be the leaders of mankind—are being denied the equal opportunity to express their genetic talents, while the omegas—the untalented masses—are swamping them with their new-found and unjust equality.

Nor is Ardrey content to pose this problem as one of misdirected social arrangements, subject to rectification. No; he insists it is a law of nature we are violating. "Equality of opportunity must be regarded among vertebrate species as the second law. . . . Every vertebrate born . . . is granted equal opportunity to display his genius or to make a fool out of himself." Presumably that means that if somehow the opportunity becomes blocked, the natural process of wise natural selection will not work to the greatest benefit of mankind. But we have seen that Ardrey himself acknowledges the dubious wisdom of such natural selection, its frequent injustices, and its terrible delays in operating properly when wanted. As he plaintively asks, why didn't the large brain that hominids needed evolve *when* it was needed? Surely, too, the underprivileged masses throughout the world will find it most interesting to learn that they have been getting an undue share of opportunity, to the detriment of that afforded the well-born, to develop their talents.

Unquestionably Ardrey will say that he did not say what I report him as having said, or that he did not mean it as I have interpreted it. He will probably cite my failure along with that of the other social scientists to appreciate the subtleties of his thought. And, in support of his position, he will

" . . . If there is no cow in the rural landscape you have selected, skip this portion and go on to the section titled 'Preliminary Perspective'. . . ."

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quote one ambiguous statement after another. For he is master of the kind of statement that contains so many possible interpretations that literally any position may be said to have been asserted.

In part, maybe in the main, this is finally what is wrong with all of Ardrey's work: he doesn't know a relevant fact when he sees one. On top of that, he almost always prefers the ambiguous metaphorical formulation to the simple declarative sentence. What, for instance, shall we make of this: "... animal justice reflects the fairness, the freeness, and the openness of the competition of unequals. Did inequality not exist, justice would have no function. And perhaps that is why the equalitarian ideal in human life, denying the nature of man, moves so easily into the tyranny of thought and power." Or this: "There is a jungle in the human heart that denies, as so frequently occurs in the jungle of animals, the thesis that might makes right."

Or, finally, this: "There is no animal society without a religion, a set of assumptions unquestioned and accepted by all. For reasons which I regard as comprehensible, we lack such religions. . . . Never have we known a 'religion' to approximate the religion of animals, a set of assumptions accepted without question by an entire species."

Fans of Ardrey's previous books will not find much comfort in the revised versions of African genesis and the territorial imperative that appear in this one. For Ardrey now says that he has learned his lesson about guessing as much as he did in those earlier works; that he is now unsure of the genetic basis of violence, though still sure of the genetic basis of aggression. But now, contrary to his disciples, aggression turns out to be, among other things, "The drive to fulfill oneself, to perfect if possible the genetic potential of one's unique endowment. . . ." That, along with a desire for adventure and many other such useful vaguenesses, is the meaning that is now given to "innate aggressiveness." Those who were looking to Ardrey for support of their belief in an innate aggressiveness earlier equated by him with violence and destruction will take little solace in this, or in still another version of innate aggressiveness that Ardrey offers, "the determined pursuit of one's interests."

Our genesis, it turns out, is something other than African; our territorial imperatives are considerably less than imperative, since they now include, according to Ardrey, social and psychological space and status-seeking, as well as physical space, and they can be expressed in retreat and accommodation as well as in aggression. So, too, our social contract is obviously something less than a law of nature and, indeed, something less than contractual, since most men seem neither to obey it as a law, nor to have agreed to it as a contractual matter.

Melvin M. Tumin is professor of sociology and anthropology at Princeton University.

"This button brings a complete rundown on any account. This button alerts all department heads for a hasty conference, and this button releases a thousand colored doves trailing streamers announcing 5 cents off some client's product."

A GUEST OF HONOUR

by Nadine Gordimer

Viking, 504 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Muriel Haynes

■ Nadine Gordimer's latest novel is an intellectually ambitious, imaginative leap away from her past preoccupation with traditional South African society into a fictive new country in central Africa during its turbulent early days of self-government. The subject would be an audacious risk for almost any other white novelist; in her case it serves to extend and mature her talents. For she is an artist whose controlling intelligence has always been politically centered in the full sense of the term. The moral climate of her work derives from the abrasive, inching push and pull of progressive forces in collision with the entrenched order, and her characters are determined by the ironies and contradictions in this inexorable process.

In historic terms, the leading figures in *A Guest of Honour* form the points of the classic revolutionary triangle. We recognize in Adamson Mweta, the country's first president, the shrewd political pragmatist, for whom the nation's growth and stability make compromises with social ideals inevitable at the start. Edward Shinza, his former comrade-in-arms in the People's Independence Party, too obdurately leftist to be granted a cabinet post at this delicate stage of the country's development, embodies the pure, single-minded visionary. Between the two is the Englishman, Colonel Evelyn James Bray, once a colonial administrator, expelled a decade before by the British for his support of the insurgent blacks: the expendable foreign expert.

The narrative opens in the ferment of the capital and branches out to expose every rasped nerve-ending in the struggling nation, a course followed by the slow shift in Bray's convictions from bourgeois liberalism to the radical beliefs that come with "the consciousness of necessity." His reinvolvement with African politics begins on his return as guest at the Independence celebrations. What was once merely hope has become reality. Bray's energies, dulled by long years of innocuous gentility in the English countryside, are quickened, and his marriage, long faded into placid, middle-aged affection, presents no competition for Mweta's offered appointment as special education adviser. To go back to England "would be to find oneself acquiescently buried alive."

But where is Shinza? Bray's repeated question brings equivocal answers.

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Bray finds him when he takes up his duties in Gala province. Still unkempt, still chain-smoking, Shinza is a dissenting member of the PIP Executive Commitee and is organizing an opposition movement from dingy quarters in a chieftain's compound. The country's welfare demands a renewal of the partnership between him and Mweta, Bray urges at first, but slowly his doubts take over.

Mweta enacts a preventive detention law. In the mines and fisheries Bray discovers that workers' pay remains at colonial levels, to increase the government's share of profits. Strikers are not backed by the trade unions. Police and other local officials overlook the hoodlumism of Mweta's young party zealots. Gathering data in the bush for his report, Bray finds the old poverty, apathetic bureaucracy, opportunism, repression. He listens to Shinza's indictment: "Mweta likes to make speeches about the time when we each had only one pair of pants . . . the trouble is, he doesn't remember that we also knew what we wanted. We were going to make this country over from top to bottom . . . he handles the English and Americans like glass . . . because we need foreign capital. But if you keep going to the old places for it, you get it on the same old terms . . . we're still selling our cotton and buying their cloth. . . ."

Early in the story Bray investigates "a rich stink of dead animal" in his room, "as he had done so many times before." Later on, he remembers "it was the smell of growth . . . the process of decay and regeneration so accelerated, brought so close together that it produced the reek of death-in-life, all at once." The words are a brilliant metaphor for the country's condition. And it is Africa itself, fecund, beautiful, harsh, riven, thrusting into the modern world from the rot of its primitive, exploited past, that is the novel's central voice. Shinza, Mweta, Bray exemplify states of political awareness; their inner life is largely subordinated to their part in the agonies of the nation's birth.

Miss Gordimer analyzes this travail with immense knowledge and authority. Her almost encyclopedic documentation of events has such immediacy that it seems to speak out of today's newspaper. Added to this is her sensitive, loving perception of each vegetal, atmospheric, and human presence that in fusion give African life its peculiar, rich, phantasmagoric texture. There are times when this prodigality of detail threatens to overpower, or, at the least, to cloud the outlines of the larger drama. Yet in retrospect *A Guest of Honour* gains its spirit of whole, ongoing physical life from this abun-

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—Murray Kempton, *New York Review of Books*

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—*Newark News*

"Important."
—*Library Journal*

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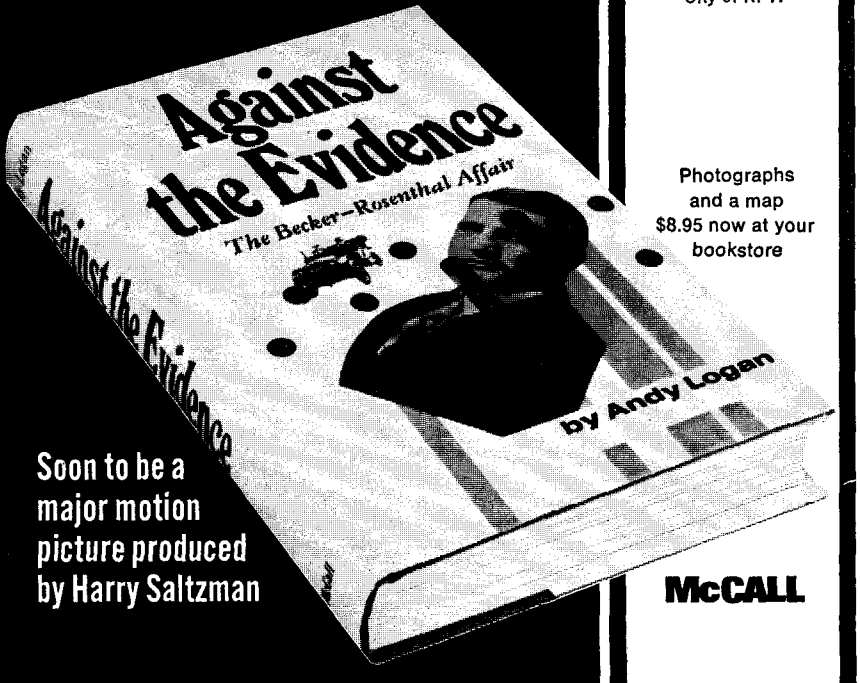
—Herbert Mitgang

"Engrossing."
—W. A. Swanberg, *New York Times Book Review*

"Fascinating."
—*The New Yorker*

"Absorbing."
—*Newsday*

"A triumph."
—Judge Irving Younger, Civil Court, City of N. Y.



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dance. The book swarms with sharply individualized secondary characters, an exhaustive typology of blacks and whites in their uneasy, changing relationships: colonials staying and "getting out," entrepreneurs, petty officials, the displaced, natives confused by change, men who grasp at power. Some of these people, in their particularity and helplessness, are more moving than the major figures. Such a one is the young married white woman whom Bray comes to love with deepening emotional dependency, a girl who belongs neither to Africa, where she was born, nor to anywhere else: "a woman who has always to fend for herself . . . an Iphigenia who would have understood that Agamemnon must trade her for a favorable wind."

Like all white men, Bray has reaped value from the country, not simply the means for personal fulfilment but the reawakening of his sensuality. The whites all used the country, Miss Gordimer shows us, and, in one way or another, were used or used up by it, against the day of their ultimate irrelevance.

Muriel Haynes is a free-lance critic and writer.

THE WHEEL OF LOVE AND OTHER STORIES

by Joyce Carol Oates

Vanguard, 440 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Robert Emmet Long

■ Joyce Carol Oates is a young writer of promise—and of an already achieved prominence. She recently received the National Book Award for her novel *them*, the final part of a trilogy that includes *A Garden of Earthly Delights* and *Expensive People*; the complete work is an ambitious exploration of three generations of American life. She also has to her credit an earlier novel, *With Shuddering Fall*, and two collections of short stories: *Upon the Sweeping Flood* and *By the North Gate. The Wheel of Love*, her latest collection of short fiction, introduces us at once into a world dominated by Miss Oates's imagination—a region both familiar and strange, a place recognizably one we know and yet presided over by alienation and terror.

Many of the stories in *The Wheel of Love* take place in and around Detroit, and their characters are middle-class people who attempt to cope with lives that are rootless and disoriented. In a number of cases they are graduate students or professors with disintegrating marriages, but most characteristically the protagonists are girls or young women who are trapped within themselves by traumas impelling them toward a self-destroying isolation or actual insanity. "Bodies" and "In the Region of Ice" are concerned with two women (one a nun) whose reserve implies suppressed passion. They are brought into an uneasy contact with mentally disturbed men, who reach out to them and finally lacerate them by their suicides. In "Bodies," indeed, the man cuts his throat with a butcher knife. "Where Are You Going, Where Have You Been?" has the atmosphere of hallucination as a sixteen-year-old girl succumbs to a menacing stranger.

Not all of the stories have so much violence. But in almost every one there is a violation of an individual's identity, his sense of who he is or of what life is. There is an existential questioning of reality, and a concern with the consciousness of characters who attempt to construct, often unsuccessfully, a coherent order for their experience of the world. In "Wild Saturday" a precocious child tries to cope with the disorderly marriage of his itinerant professor father. In "Four Summers" a girl's growing up is focused in summers at a lake resort; her impressions at different times overlap, so that at the end her sense of the place (and by extension of herself) is strangely real and unreal at once. David Scott, in "Convalescing," cannot be sure of what is real in his life following a serious automobile accident.

The recognitions Miss Oates's characters make are almost always of the kind that leave them baffled and alone. The priest in "Shame," one of the best stories in the collection, moves toward the recognition that what he had thought to be permanent is an illusion. Slowly, gradually, with understated casualness, the story reveals the truth about his boyhood friend. At the end he crushes an egg in his fist, "and when he opened his hand again there was just a mess there, any kind of mess and not necessarily the mess of an egg." In "Accomplished Desires" Dorie marries a middle-aged professor, only to find herself a stranger in his world. And in "The Heavy Sorrow of the Body" Nina returns to nurse a dying father she had forgotten, only to find that she inherits his memory, that she cannot go back again to her lover or to anyone.

For the most part, however, the stories that make up *The Wheel of Love* are dominated by characters whose

(*Continued on page* 65)

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

SEMI-CENTO

In the following verse every second line (those marked with marginal numbers) was appropriated from a well-known work by one of the poets listed. The remaining lines were indited by Herbert McAneny of Princeton, N. J., who asks you to attribute each numbered line to its creator. (The back door to Parnassus is on page 69.)

a. Arnold ( )
b. Byron ( )
c. Cowper ( )
d. Dryden ( )
e. Goldsmith ( )
f. Milton ( )
g. Shelley ( )
h. Spenser ( )
i. Tennyson ( )
j. Wordsworth ( )

Weary of waiting for a rush-hour cab,
2 And pinched with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
A stranger staggers down the subway steps.
4 He is an evening reveler, who makes
The rounds of all the night clubs, there to indulge
6 Some warm excesses, which the law forbore.
The platform gate (his token duly paid)
8 Served only to discover sights of woe:
A struggling mass of shopgirls, and, o'er all,
10 The sighs and groans of miserable men.

The train moved on, and now the stranger heard
12 Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar
Come to a sudden halt. But all the doors were jammed:
14 "It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
Soaked through"—he tripped and fell—"than trapped
down here."
16 So saying, from the pavement he half rose
And lurched to where a door was opening wide,
18 Then choosing out few words most horrible,
Fell fainting to the tracks, whence rescuers
20 Will yet restore him to the vital air.

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FAR-OUT TRAVEL IN FARAWAY PLACES

A Special Section

—Culver

1. The African Riviera

by HORACE SUTTON

It took no more than a moment or two after setting foot in West Africa the first time for me to gain enormous, if sudden, respect for those merchants from Dieppe who came ashore here in the fourteenth century and for the French missionaries who landed at Assinie, up the coast, in 1637. Floating to earth in Abidjan, 1970-style, only five-and-a-half hours from Paris, is perhaps too sudden a transposition, filling the soul with uncertainties and rattling one's cultivated sense of urban security. For one thing the night was black, and I disoriented. The drums split the blackness with a beat that was wild, insistent, and loud, boring into the jet-frayed mind, shaking one's fillings, and loosening the nailed-down corners of reality. The dark faces gave no hint of expression, no smile of welcome, and the bodies moved to impulses that had spun out of the centuries and were different, alien, and a little scary. Faced with that kind of a greeting in the superstitious world of six centuries ago, why didn't the French mariners reach for the rudder and sail back to the snug harbor at Dieppe? What determination beyond the rewards of cocoa and coffee and timber and, for the missionaries, the prospect of proselyting among the heathen kept the French riveted to this land for so many centuries?

The humidity in Abidjan was 100 per cent the night I arrived, and the air conditioning in the bus, turned up to reproduce the temperature of Labrador in February, fogged the windows with steam and sealed us in a viewless cocoon during the ride from the airport to the highly heralded Hotel Ivoire. Set down in Miami Beach or on the Strip in Vegas, the Ivoire might fall in with the surroundings and be no more conspicuous than a crew cut in an FBI office. But here in the capital of the Ivory Coast, a nation of four million sandwiched between Liberia and Guinea on the west and Ghana on the east, the Ivoire is an oasis out of a mushroom-inflamed dream.

Sprawled over 100 reclaimed acres, once brush and jungle, at the edge of the fashionable diplomatic quarter of Cocardy, the Ivoire has just added a soaring thirty-two-story annex that, with its first building opened in 1963, gives it 500 guest rooms. If that seems a lot of rooms for the capital of a nation hardly known in America, it must be added that the hotel has a ballroom that seats 1,000 finished in the style of any self-respecting Hilton hotel in Middle America, an assortment of ten restaurants and bars, a bowling alley with ten lanes, a theater with 600 deep, foam-cushioned seats, and a commercial arcade lined with a

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—H. P. Baemninger (Marcent)

Abidjan's Hotel Ivoire: 500 rooms, ten bars and restaurants, a theater, an ice skating rink—"an oasis out of a mushroom-inflamed dream."

score of shops where one may sit and have tea and pastry at an indoor sidewalk café while reading the Paris *Herald* available every day across the corridor in the tobacconist's.

In bikinis and *après*-swim wrappers, the poolside lollers gather at midday in the Pavillon, the Ivoire's terrace restaurant that can produce a pastrami on rye, an acceptable bottle of Muscadet, or ice cream in four flavors—banana, mango, soursop, and guava. At night it is the supreme local elegance to ascend to Le Toit d'Abidjan, the rooftop restaurant that crowns the new tower, for the Strasbourg foie gras served in Alsatian crockery pots, the ham from Cevennes, Brittany trout, shad from the Loire, saddle of hare, and the quail stuffed with grapes, all designed to keep the 30,000 Frenchmen who still live in the Ivory Coast from gastronomic homesickness. Those in search of Africa can wave off the Texas beef in preference to the filet of zebu fried in palm oil and simmered in peanut sauce, or the chicken Grand Bassam spiced with *pili pili* until it whistles.

Grand Bassam's seashore—"the grand dames of Africa . . . in their yards of wrapped cloth, offering little more than a bare foot to the sea."

On Sunday nights all of Abidjan—the Lebanese merchants, the Chinese technicians, the Italians who are working on the new harbor up the coast at San Pedro, the Israelis who are in considerable evidence here, the French, and even a few Africans pack the ballroom for a mammoth buffet. They dance between trips to the banks of food. They flood the movie theater and the bowling alleys, and that latest Ivoire attraction, an ice skating rink, the first ever in Africa. It opened late this summer with a highly costumed company of the Vienna Ice Revue staging a corny, broad-comedy spectacle before a black-tie audience of Africans, diplomats, and invited guests from abroad who sat huddled in blankets thoughtfully provided by the management. The Abidjan newspapers, with the temperature boiling in the nineties, carry ads from stores that now stock ice skates, and the afternoon public skating sessions are a sellout.

Every night except Sunday *tout Abidjan* converges on the stylized African huts in the Ivoire complex that shelter L'Eléphant d'Or, a house of chance that issues plastic identity cards and stations two doormen at the portals who raise their brown derbies as guests arrive and depart. Ivorians are not permitted to play, but they can dine in the casino's salon where the air is refined but the cuisine—if a soupy slush that was fobbed off as *quenelles* is an indication—can be, shall one say, uneven? Despite the embargo on the local citizens, a custom practiced in most gaming stations save perhaps for Reno, Vegas, and London, the tables are crowded with an international assortment who dabble in blackjack and roulette, the play tended by young, sallow croupiers imported from France, superintended by the usual, impassive, alert, quietly tailored overseers. Although 95 per cent of the Ivoire's immense staff of 650 are Ivorians, in the casino, thus far, the local talent is only counting and stacking chips, checking credentials, and waiting on tables.

The Hotel Ivoire is operated by Intercontinental Hotels, but it is the product of a pint-sized, Geneva-based Israeli entrepreneur named Moshe Mayer, who speaks English with a Polish accent as rich as a kielbasa, has in-

(*Continued on page* 54)

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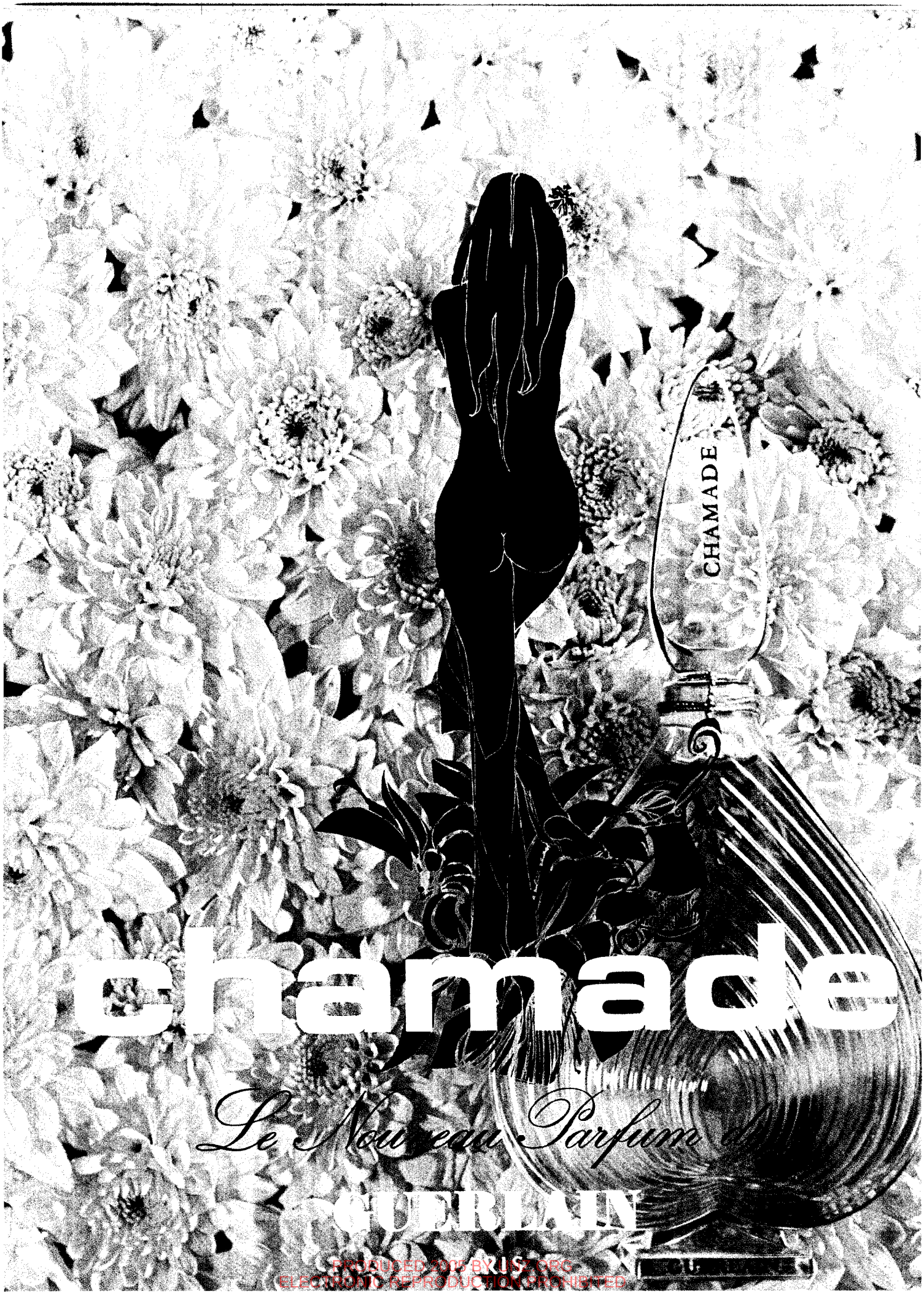

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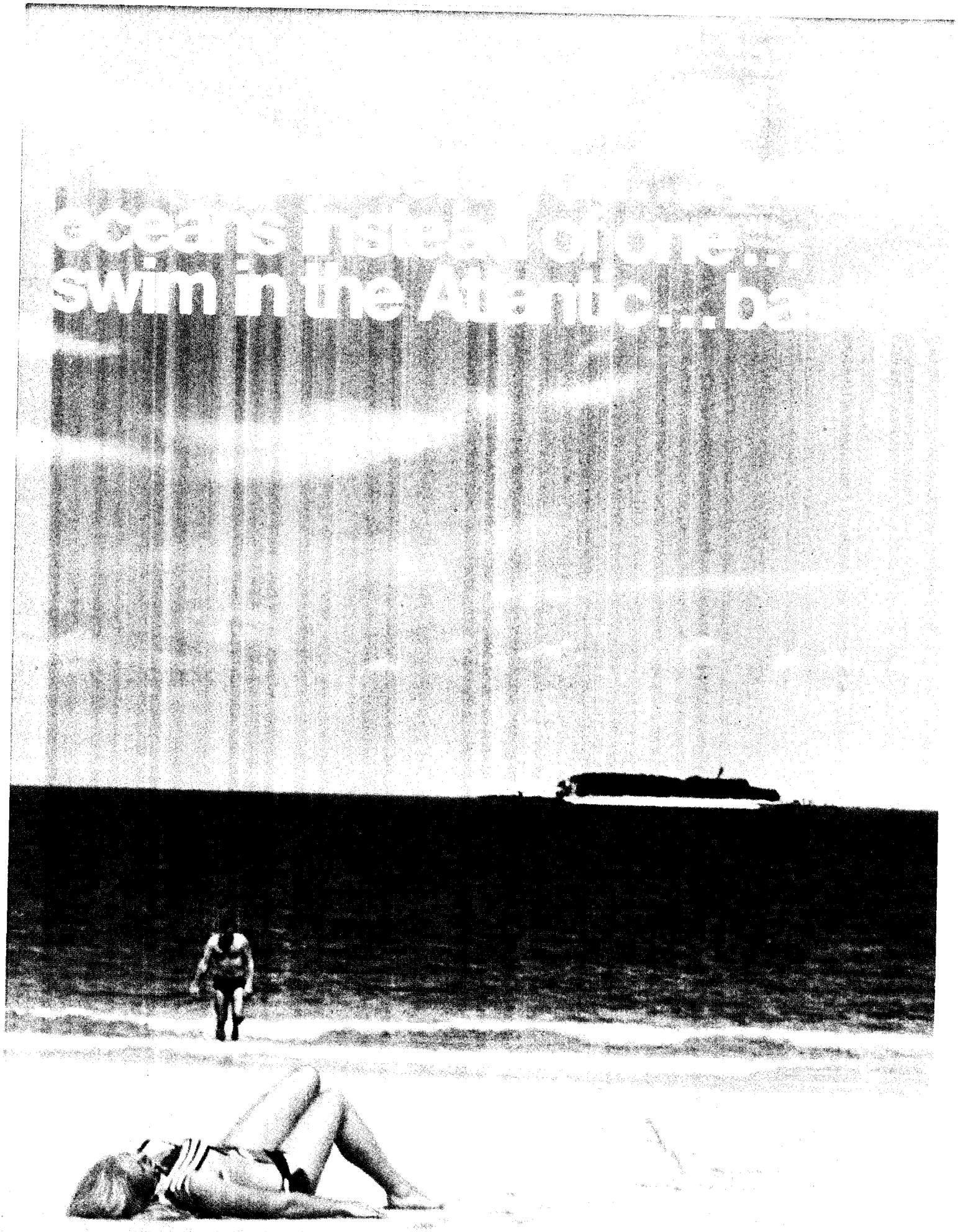

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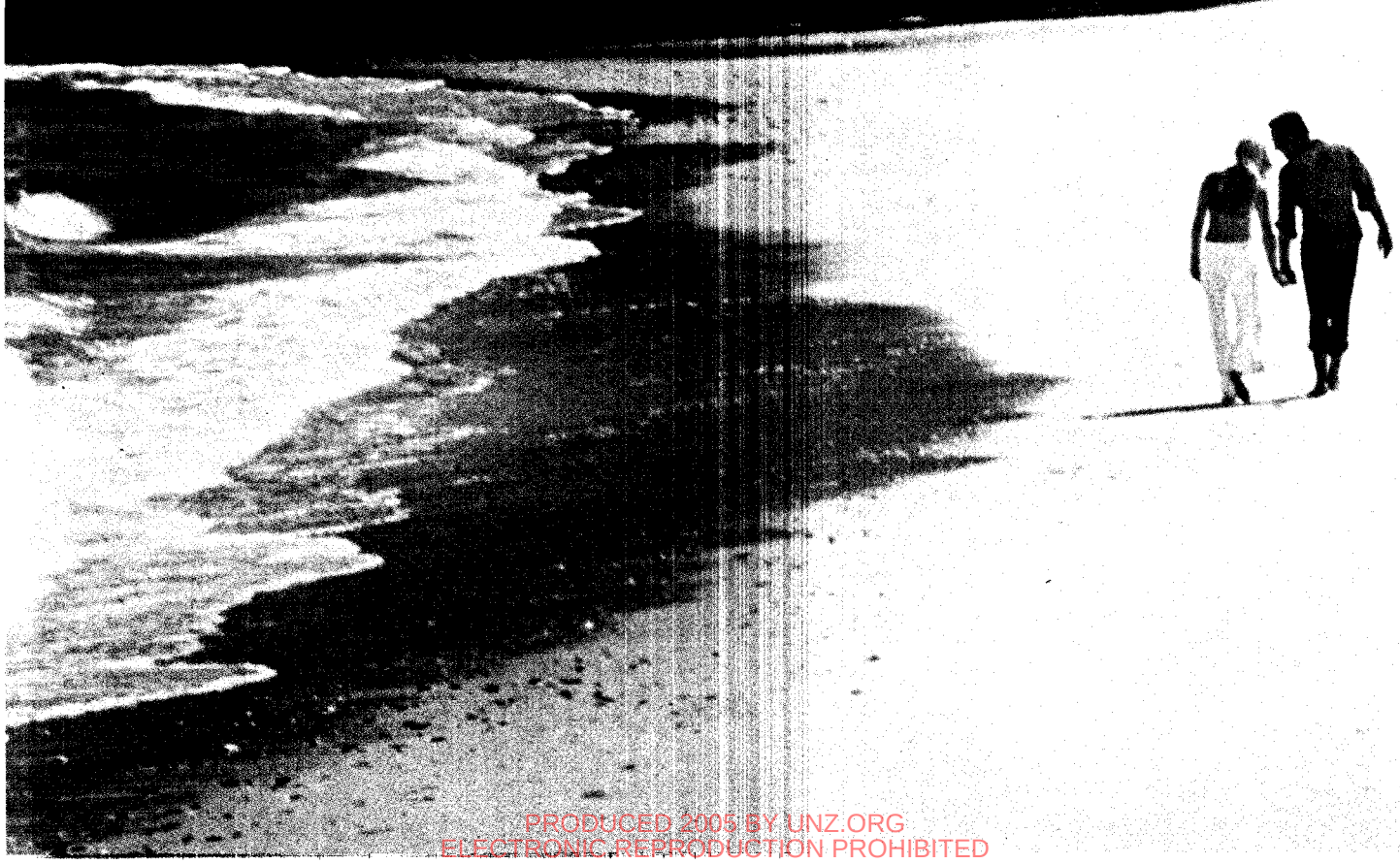

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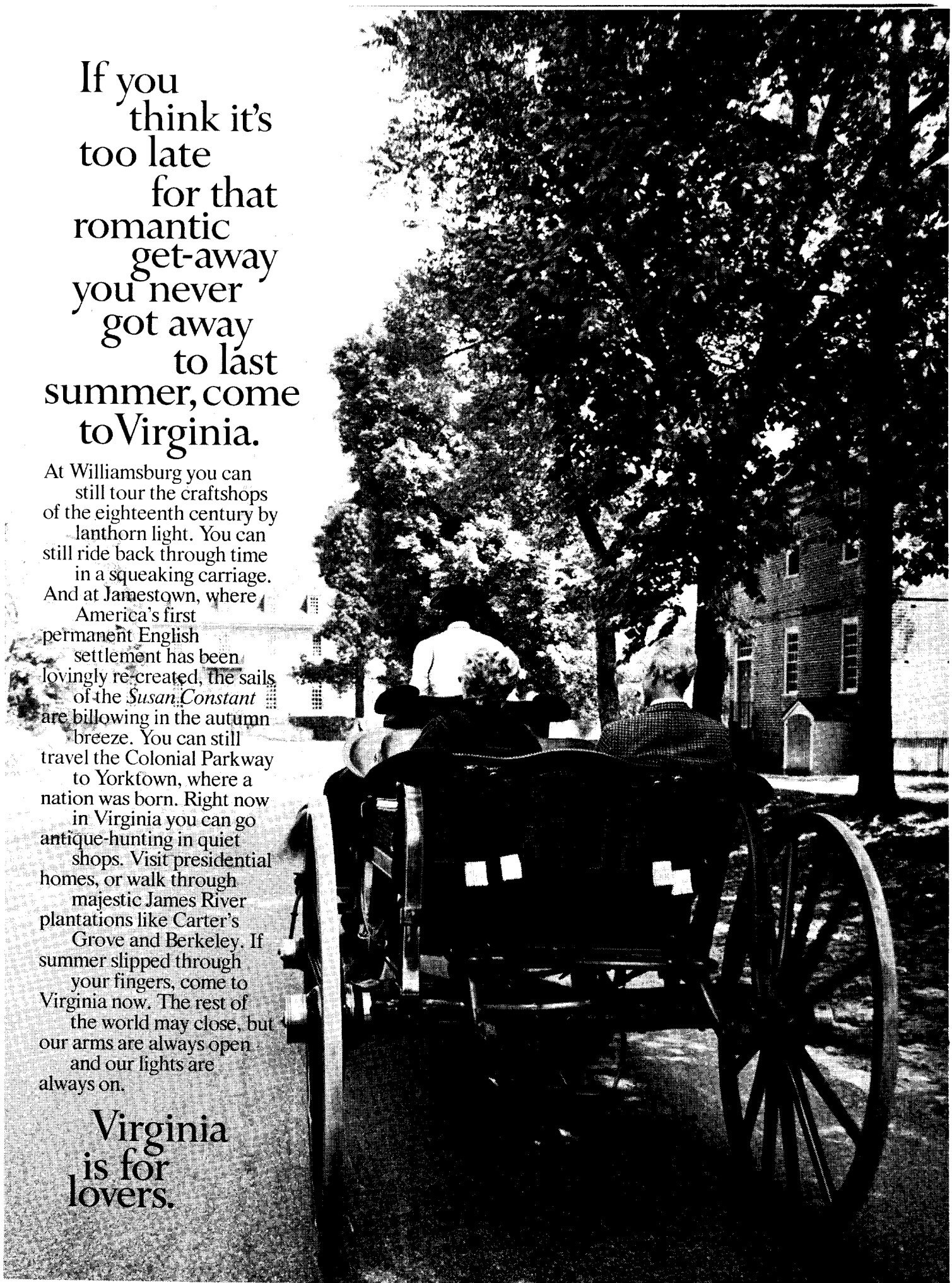

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2. Five Hundred Lime-Green Islands

—American Airlines

Fijian roadside rest stop—"uncrowded convenience and unconscious aloha."

by JOHN GRIFFIN

It would be nice to say simply that Fiji is 500 lime-green islands floating in the center of the sunny South Pacific. In a way, it's true, for Fiji has many idyllic faces—blue lagoons, palms bending over golden beaches, thatch villages, and fuzzy-haired islanders who are as friendly as they are fierce-looking on first encounter. But that image alone would be unfair to a land and people that should be appreciated for their complex variety.

Fiji is not like any other Pacific place because, for one thing, descendants of Indian laborers imported to work the sugar cane fields decades ago now make up about 50 per cent of the more than half-million population. What's more, Fiji has been the home of a couple of quiet revolutions. One is political: This former Crown Colony, long a potential interracial boiling pot, happily became independent on October 10 as a member of the British Commonwealth. For many Fijians it was a sweet-sad experience. This had been very much a colony by invitation.

Things got badly out of hand last century, what with the usual tribal warfare and cannibalism compounded by guns, alcohol, and the ambitions of various shipwrecked sailors, escaped convicts from Australia, and more legitimate planters and traders. Amid native warfare and European intrigue, a Christianized chief named Cakabau emerged as the paramount but not unchallenged local leader. At various times, beginning in 1858, Cakabau offered Fiji to England, was rejected, and made the same offer to the United States (which was so busy with the Civil War it didn't even reply), was named "king" of Fiji by local Europeans, and asked Germany for protection, which was refused. Finally, in 1874, Queen Victoria was impressed enough with the chaos to accept Cakabau's second offer of cession.

Right now Fijians and everybody else are looking at another major development, the rapid rise of the tourist industry. "We are on the edge of the tourism sound barrier, like Hawaii was in the late 1950s," says an official. And so they are, although this year's expected total of about 105,000 visitors pales beside the 1.4-million influx to Hawaii.

One result is a mixture of uncrowded convenience and unconscious aloha, a pleasant old-new combination I noted last month on arrival at Nadi from Honolulu, shortly before the independence festivities. For one thing, American Airlines on its new run has pioneered daylight departures from Hawaii that get passengers into Fiji shortly after sundown, sparing them the usual middle-of-the-night ordeal.

One of the first people I saw was a Fijian porter who remembered me from last time, asked about my bum leg, and told me his union problems. It is still that kind of place.

The Indian cab driver didn't know me, but when asked how things were going, he produced a hard-luck story and a pay slip that he said showed his wages for two weeks to be only $23.42. I gave him a modest tip, and he folded the slip away for the next tourist who asked if he was happy.

Barely a half hour after landing, I was in the hotel having an imperial pint of Fiji Beer. The Fijian barman talked about tourism and land. He said his village group hopes to have a resort developed on ninety-five acres it owns in the Yasawa Group, north of the main island, Viti Levu. "We won't be like the Hawaiians," he said. "We will keep our land and grow, and it will be all right."

I met him again before dawn as I was leaving Nadi Airport to fly across

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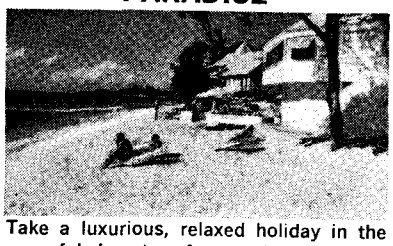

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the big oval-shaped island to Suva, the capital. By then he was suffering the dual effects of a night of work and drink. "We'll give you a free ride to the airport on our way," he said, nodding to an Indian cabby friend. I helped push to start the stalled cab. Still, when I got to the airport the sober Indian charged me the regular fare. They drove off, the barman slapping the Indian on the shoulder and shouting back, "Remember, we Fijians will keep the land."

Land is about all the Fijians control in their bid to catch up with the Europeans (foreign and local whites), who run the big businesses, and the Indians, who dominate most retail trade and road transport. One result of the tourist boom has been a rush to get hold of leases on choice land held by Fijians (who by law can't sell) and strategic bits of beach-side or small-island freehold owned by others.

It's sometimes painfully reminiscent of Hawaii, right down to the speculation and inflated values. There are legitimate developers about, but the story is also told of an American firm that bought a small island for $60,000 and, without any development, was trying to sell it for $700,000 in Seattle or $900,000 in Hawaii, where everybody is inoculated with way-out values.

Yet many things have saved and may continue to save Fiji from being "another Hawaii" in the worst sense of those words. One is that the numbers of visitors are still small and manageable; Fiji needs more hotel rooms, and that is an unintended control. Another factor is that there is no one point of congregation like Waikiki; in fact, Viti Levu itself has few good beaches, although there are some great ones on the nearby offshore islands.

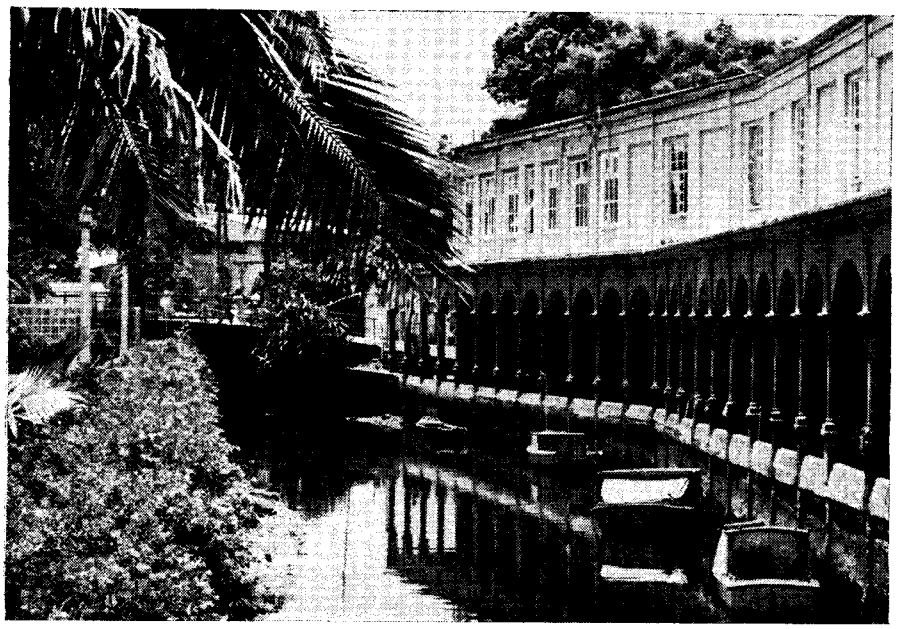
Most important is the fact that arid Nadi with its cane fields and international airport is some seventy air miles across the mountainous island from lush Suva on the rainier side. They are joined by the King's and Queen's roads, regal names that do not long mask the narrow, twisting, gravelly, and downright dangerous conditions of these routes. (I am a limping testimonial to that last point, a sorry ad for Fiji tourism: I nearly lost both life and a leg in a head-on crash with a bus on the King's Road.)

"Everybody complains about the road," says a tourism official. "A new Queen's Road will be built in the next few years. But the old one has helped save us from too much development too fast."

That kind of statement, with its reverse English on the old headlong rush into concrete, offers hope that Fiji could be the scene of intelligent tourism. Ratu K.K.T. Mara, the towering, Oxford-educated leader who is independent Fiji's first Prime Minister, has expressed himself in purplish but sensible fashion on the subject: "Let us have tourism—yes! Let us have profit—yes! But tourism and profit at the expense of our customs, culture, and traditions—never! These things must be preserved and protected. There must be no insidious undermining of them—no gnawing away at their foundations with the termites of tourist profit till they topple and die—degraded and debased."

None of this should take away Fiji's manifold charms. I find that Mara's notion adds another dimension to an island nation that already offers more variety than most others in the world of Oceania. Suva has long been billed

(*Continued on page* 52)



—Pan Am World Airways

Canal in Suva—"a combined South Sea Chicago and Singapore."

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Poland's armchair skiers—Sunning and dining come first.

FAR-OUT TRAVEL IN FARAWAY PLACES

3. Red Skis in the Sunset

by FRANK RILEY

The first time I saw it happen was at high noon. An instant earlier the summit of the ski run at Karpacz in southwestern Poland had been aflutter with skiers getting off the chair lift and heading down the slopes. Now suddenly everything was still life; the skiers all faced in the same direction, eyes closed in anticipation.

The moment was eerie, up there in new fallen snow at the edge of a spruce forest, five miles from the icy ridge of the Czech border, ninety miles east of East Germany. If I hadn't long before been immunized to cold war clichés, or hadn't already been in Poland long enough to know the inherent intransigence of the Polish people, I might have fleetingly assumed that everyone was facing toward some Red Mecca, waiting for the litany to be proclaimed from loudspeakers hidden in the trees.

Then I realized that the sun was about to appear through a rift in the clouds. No one wanted to miss a second of the precious sight.

Although I was only a few weeks removed from the Southern California desert, to continue skiing at such a moment would have been heresy. I took off my goggles, closed my eyes, and stood as immobile as the others until steel-gray clouds closed the small window to the sun. Then we all turned as if by command and went down the mountain.

Next morning the sun appeared frequently enough to keep a lot of skiers off the slopes. They sat in canvas deck chairs in the lee of snow-covered chalets, stripped down as far as their personal life-styles would permit. The more hardy men peeled down to shorts. Older women bared their shoulders and rolled up skirts and blouse sleeves. Younger women got down to bras, or less, in off-trail sunning spots.

By sunset there was a lot of red skin in Karpacz. It didn't seem to slow the action that night in the local go-go emporium, sedately named Patria. An East German medical student from Dresden, whose nose and forehead were shining like the taillights of a truck, bought me a beer and explained how the human body could distill all manner of good things directly from the sun.

I've pursued ski slopes around the world, and have found fellow skiers generally to be a driven lot. It was refreshing to come upon a place like Karpacz, where skiing was secondary to living.

Eating was also important. In judging a ski resort, a Pole will rate the quality of food ahead of snow conditions. At Karpacz, a skier doesn't take a midday hamburger-and-milk-shake break. He returns to his pension for a Polish feast. On the day when the sun shone, our main meal began with a variety of sausages and hot fresh bread. Then arrived a huge white porcelain bowl of steaming Polish soup, laden with bits of dumpling and assorted vegetables. The main course was a platter heaped with veal and mashed potatoes, and a side bowl of sauerkraut. Next came the green salad. Dessert was an individual bowl of sliced oranges mixed with nuts and bits of hard candy, all topped with whipped cream, which one was expected to keep spooning from a serving bowl in the center of the table.

The Polish wilderness, from the Sudeten in the southwest to the Bieszczady in the far southeast, remains so pure that its slopes are still tracked by lynxes, wildcats, wolves, Carpathian deer, and an occasional bison. I toured this country late last winter, hopping from one ski resort to the next through some of the snowiest weather Middle Europe had seen in decades. When I got off an Air France jet from Paris in early March, Warsaw was still locked in mid-winter. There was more snow in downtown Warsaw than what I'd left

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behind a few weeks earlier in downtown Mammoth, the California snow bowl in the High Sierras. Against the wind whistling across the icy Vistula, my lined topcoat was as effective as mosquito netting.

My companion through the Polish ski safari was a friend named Leszek, a graduate student in philosophy from the University of Warsaw, and a linguist, artist, and swinger. We left Warsaw one evening by sleeper train for Jelenia Gora, a lovely Gothic city, and there caught a bus for Karpacz in the Karkonosze Mountains. My plan had been to look around Karpacz and then get on to the more fabled ski country of the High Tatras, but after two days in Karpacz, I didn't want to leave.

The remoteness of Karpacz is part of its magic. I'm not sure I was the first U.S. skier in the area, but there couldn't have been many before me. The precise little woman in the Polish Travel Office (ORBIS) had to look through pictures of currency in three volumes before she could identify to her satisfaction a $5 bill I wanted to change into zlotys. She started first with pictures of Finnish currency. I've never seen the U.S. dollar put so effectively into perspective.

In Karpacz, a $5 bill is quite enough to change at one time for pocket money. Rental of skis, boots, and poles cost me $1.50 for three days. Lifts average out to 10 cents a ride.

All of Karpacz seems to have been airlifted from the Bavarian Alps, then subtly altered by Polish dwarfs. I had a high-ceilinged double room to myself, with tall windows, a balcony, and a view that reached out through snow-painted evergreens to a misty valley that seemed to go on forever. There was always plenty of hot water in the bathroom just down the hall. The room cost $6 a day, including three awesome, homecooked Polish meals.

Many of the pensions in Karpacz are reserved for vacationing groups of students, office workers, factory workers, and agricultural technicians from the large farming complexes. My pension was otherwise occupied by a dozen young East Germans, male and female, who had come in by bus. They lived in high gear on and off the slopes. At breakfast each morning they greeted their balding group leader with a solicitous "How did you sleep?" His doleful reply was always, *"Ganz allein, schade"* ("All alone, unfortunately").

The Karkonosze Mountains around Karpacz are the highest in the Sudeten, one of Europe's oldest mountain ranges, estimated to go back at least a billion years. From the top of the chair lift at Mala Kopa, you can continue afoot or on skis to the summit of Sniezka, at 6,000 feet the highest in the undulating Karkonosze. At the summit are a meteorological observatory and a far-out chalet shaped like a flying saucer. On a clear day from the center of a circle you can see fifty miles of forests and mountain valleys in any direction.

Skiing in southwestern Poland isn't Alpine, but there is a vastness, a kind of infinity about the mountains. The mood was heightened when I climbed a mile above Karpacz to the village of Bierutowice. Here in the half-darkness was a thirteenth-century larchwood church built like a Chinese temple. It was a Wang church imported from Norway in the nineteenth century, perhaps the only one in Europe outside the Scandinavian countries. The interior is superbly carved with allegorical motifs from Viking mythology, all this in the middle of a Polish winter.

A ski tour beginning in Karpacz should take in Szklarska Poreba, not far away. Here a two-section chair lift is over 11,000 feet long, which should give a skier some notion of the possible length and variety of downhill runs.

Traveling eastward, the next stops should be Szczyrk and Wisla in the Beskid Zachodni range, topped by Skrzyczne Peak, a fast-growing winter resort complex, where the National Ski Championships are held annually. There are two tough slalom runs, four long runs ranging from lower-intermediate to expert, seven learning slopes, and even milder hills for family tobogganing. Wisla has long been a health spa. In the neighboring villages of Koniakow and Istebna, the favorite pastime is watching highlander women make lace that shows up in folk art exhibitions in many parts of Europe.

After Skrzyczne, the touring skier is ready for Zakopane in the High Tatras, a St. Moritz at Polish prices. At this international resort, my room in the luxury-class Hotel Giewont was $10 a day. There are also pensions with three meals for $6 a day. An even less expensive youth hostel has 170 beds, a club room, a sports stadium, and camping grounds.

Zakopane is the prime winter holiday destination for young people from Sweden, who bring with them their free-living style. Polish girls have adapted the mini to wintry blasts by combining it with woolen panty hose in psychedelic colors. The entertainment at the Giewont could best be described as international plastic, but up the main street Polish rock bands warm the night.

I have been on a fair number of this

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planet's great slopes and haven't yet found finer skiing than in the dry powder snow and immense reaches of the Polish Tatras. The slopes in these soaring mountains seem even wilder and more varied than those above Tatranska Lomnica across the Czech border. A 16,000-foot cable railway climbs most of the way up Kasprowy Wierch, the highest peak in these Alps of Poland. Two chair lifts continue the ascent, after which you can climb by ski as far as your ability or energy will take you. A run all the way down to Zakopane means about eight miles of continuous skiing.

All around Zakopane are many beginner and intermediate slopes, starting with gentle hills where small children are taught to ski. Gubalowka, an area popular with families, has its own cable railway and a terrace with a view of the spectacular Tatra Range. At the edge of Zakopane are several ski jumps; the largest is one of Europe's finest, used for world championships. I was in Zakopane during the 25th Annual Memorial Competitions dedicated to Bronislawa Czecha and Heleny Marusarzowny, two young ski champions put to death by the Nazis. Here in the quiet majesty of the Tatras their deaths took on a special poignancy. My friend Leczek had been saved when his mother took him in her arms and rolled off a train bound for Auschwitz, in the middle of the night.

For the nonskier there's much in Zakopane to make a winter holiday memorable. The Zakopane Carnival goes on during all of February, with folk songs, dancing, and exhibitions of regional art. Racing of small highlander sleighs, called *kumoterki*, is a thrilling spectator sport. Sleighs are also the most popular local taxis. A surprise in exploring the countryside is to come upon a Lenin museum in the village of Poronin, where Lenin lived in 1913 and 1914.

Today, the young skiers who come to Zakopane put you on when they talk about rebellion. They have a sense of humor Lenin couldn't afford.

Socialized Schussing: Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Yugoslavia

GIVEN THE TIME and energy, one could ski the High Tatras from Poland down through Czechoslovakia and Rumania and then cut over to Yugoslavia, a route that abounds with high slopes and low rates.

Poprad is the gateway to the eastern Slovakian ski areas, Stary Smokovec and Tatranska Lomnica, which are just across the crest of the Tatras from Poland's most famous resort, Zakopane. Two years ago it took me several days to traverse the ice and snow from Vienna to Poprad, but I'd still do it the same way. The drive takes you closest to the heart of the ancient Slovak land, so scarred by history but favored by nature. One can also fly to Poprad, and international express trains with comfortable *wagon-lits* make overnight runs from Bratislava and Prague.

Grand Hotel Smokovec and Grand Hotel Praha, once frolicking places for Hungarian nobility, have been renovated to accommodate the noble tourist, but the ambience is not lost. Just $7 will fetch a baroque double room with mellow burgundy draperies and carpets and a stretch-out bathtub.

Skiers new to the Rumanian slopes are in for a happy surprise. The Carpathians curving down from Poland and Czechoslovakia through the easternmost tip of the Ukraine reach into the heart of Rumania, to meet the Transylvanian Alps, a great range that tumbles westward toward Yugoslavia.

The Pan Am flight from New York to Bucharest takes about twelve hours, with change of planes in Paris. Weather permitting, it's another two hours by car from Bucharest to Brasov, a historically fascinating Transylvanian mountain city. The deluxe Carpati Hotel there is steel-and-glass chic, an international rendezvous. One may prefer the Scandinavian-style Sport Hotel in Poiana Brasov, closer to the ski action. My preference is to ski out of Sinaia, a *gemütlich* town of 9,000, just south of Brasov. Sinaia has two excellent hotels, the Alpin and the Palas.

Though I haven't skied in Yugoslavia, a friend advises in a recent letter: "Don't overlook the Julian Alps. They're developing fast as a major winter tourist area. At Zelezniki, Kranjska Gora, and Mt. Vogel there are already accommodations for several thousand skiers, and there are miles of really fine runs."

I'm also intrigued by a challenge sent from Opatija on the Adriatic. For approximately $45, a person can spend seven days with full board at a beach hotel with a warm salt-water pool. The price also includes daily trips to Mt. Platak, twenty-five miles away, and unlimited use of the lifts. The challenge is that for every day it snows on the heated pool or fails to snow on Mt. Platak, the guest is awarded an extra free day at the hotel. —F. R.

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Fiji

Continued from page 44

as an exotic mixture of Indian shops on narrow streets, British pomp and colonial architecture, bustling Australian businessmen, grassy parks, and bright flowers around hillside homes. The waterfront runs from the dated old "GPH" (for Grand Pacific Hotel), past the comfortable new gathering spot, the Suva Travelodge, a well-run Aussie Hilton, along the commercial harbor, and out to the Bay of Islands, where yachts and charter boats nuzzle up to the Tradewinds Hotel.

But Suva is more these days, sort of a combined South Sea Chicago and Singapore. The commodity market covers copra, gold, bananas, sugar, shark fins, pearl shell, and *bêche-de-mer,* as well as dozens of products from ships to soap made in Fiji.

The variety extends to the human scene. Recently I attended a South Pacific Conference meeting in Suva's modern new town hall where islanders gathered to discuss problems and programs with the colonial powers. Delegates ranged from a twenty-one-year-old Nauru schoolteacher named Echo Gadong, who talked on women's rights, to the Samoan secretary general, who celebrated his seventieth birthday with a swim and a night of festive drinking; from simple, mission-educated Melanesians to the elegant young Crown Prince of the Kingdom of Tonga, Sandhurst-educated and obviously born to the Polynesian purple; from bright native leaders seeking more island power to Frenchmen who stalked out when their nuclear tests south of Tahiti were protested.

Fiji's real touristic glories lie outside Suva, however, and here again the key word is variety. The "Coral Coast" along the Queen's Road between Suva and Nadi is spotted with present and planned resorts of varying size, price, and quality. Recently, American Airlines announced a Fiji Flagship Hotel thirty miles from Suva, and other builders are making plans to handle 747-loads of Aussies, Americans, Canadians, and New Zealanders.

Vanua Levu, Fiji's second biggest island, is also joining the tour circuit. But parts of it, along with nearby Taveuni, are still everybody's idea of a South Sea dream. Bob Hunter, the thirty-six-year-old real estate man from Seattle who has made fame and some fortune as a buyer and seller of islands, says simply: "Vanua Levu is where I fell in love with the South Pacific." He married a local beauty and settled down to life with a plantation, a boat, a small airline, an office in Suva, and a string of visiting clients.

The list goes on. You can take a trading boat out east to the Lau Group, where people show a strong Polynesian influence. Little Ovalau is the old capital, and its hillside town of Levuka remains rich in crumbling colonial lore. The cruise-yacht voyages for up to twenty people around the Yasawas are so famous they would be a cliché were it not for the sheer beauty and relaxation.

One can go out for a day to tiny islands off Lautoka near Nadi for $7, with morning tea, lunch, and snorkeling gear included. Or, at the other extreme, you can rent tiny Toberua Island near Suva, Fiji's most expensive resort with a plush little hotel for twenty. Only $500 a day. Those who seek more lonely landfalls can rent various yachts and cruisers; after all, only about 100 of Fiji's 500 islands are inhabited.

Anyone who tires of beach-sitting or island-hopping will find other diversions. Horseback or hiking tours wind for two days across Viti Levu's mountains. Tour boats putt up river, past Fijian rafts loaded with bananas. At various villages (or some Suva offices) visitors are served kava or yaqona, a drink made with powdered pepper plant root that looks like a watery Hawaiian poi but has a refreshing nonalcoholic kick for those of us hooked on it.

Depending on your timing, there are both Indian and Fijian fire walkers who amble barefoot across white-hot stones amid much ceremony and camera clicking. (The group from Beqa Island recently reached some kind of exotic ultimate; they posed for a Canadian Club ad.) For those who really want to go native—and evidence does not indicate a large number—a local operator has arranged for visitors to stay in a Fijian village on a small island for $10 a day. The literature suggests one must be willing to forget beds, chairs, knives, forks, cars, ice cream—and chilled martinis. Lots of kava, however.

There is a tendency for most visitors to pass off the Indian influence on Fiji as nothing more than a round of duty-free shopping. That's unfortunate because a good part of Fiji is Indian, including some of the most colorful ceremonies and the best local food, if your tastes run to the hot and spicy and you are willing to seek out the modest little restaurants.

Fiji's assets do not yet include much in the way of night life. Hotels do have weekly native shows, usually featuring some fine singing and men in leaves and war paint. With menacing spears, they run shouting at the audience, whose members dutifully fire back with flashbulbs. But one can get pretty tired of that, and the overall comment

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is that after-dark entertainment for the standard swinger runs from mediocre to dismal.

Still, Fiji is not a stuffy place, and one can make friends amid the mixture of young and older visitors. Suva also features some of the South Pacific's less attractive streetwalkers. But those with a bent for social research should find it interesting to check the local bistros. I always try to stop by the saloons in the old Garrick and Club hotels. They are usually good for some friendly Fijian or Indian conversation and occasionally a fight from which the visitor is usually excluded.

Several "nightclubs" are operating, but for color and music in best (or worst) rock-blast tradition, the most active remains the Golden Dragon, perched above a Chinese restaurant hard by the sedate government buildings on Victoria Parade. The decibels eventually defeat anyone over thirty, but it's fun for a while and reminds one of the after-hours Lafayette, outside Papeete in Tahiti, in its better years. Anyway, it seemed that way for a while late one recent night.

There was a different feeling next morning as I held my head and talked with a Fijian official. "You must remember," he said gently, "our tourism doesn't stress night life but that we are the land of sunshine, relaxation, and happy people."

I pass that on. It is worth remembering.

WIT TWISTER #187

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Upon a ____ of the Egyptian's hair,

The Mongol ____ wiped clean his bloodied knife,

And watched his foe tear off, in death's despair,

The ____ that symbolized unending life.

—A. S.

(*Answer on page 73*)

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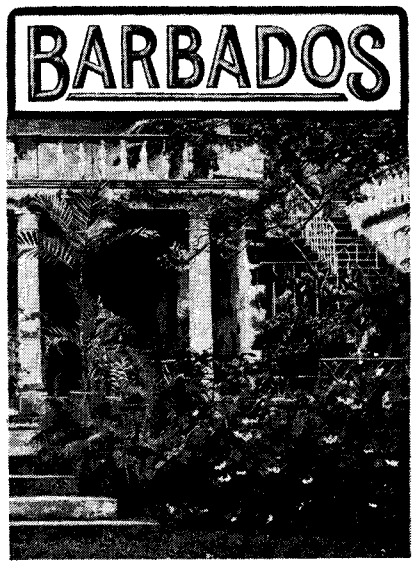

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African Riviera

Continued from page 38

terests in twenty-two countries, and has been billed as the richest man in Israel. A matchmaker in Egypt and in Baghdad, he went into textiles and later into such diverse fields as construction (a thirty-six-story skyscraper in Tel Aviv) and department stores (the first in Israel, on the skyscraper's street floor).

In Liberia he built the executive mansion for President Tubman, Monrovia's city hall, and its first skyscraper. Twelve years ago, he began the Hotel Dukor Intercontinental, forerunner of the string of modern hotels that are spreading across Africa. When Félix Houphouët-Boigny, the former French government official who became President of the Ivory Coast, attended the opening of the Dukor in neighboring Liberia, he invited Mayer to come to the Ivory Coast and build one there. The Ivoire complex is the result, but it is only just the beginning. Mayer has monumental plans for an African Riviera.

"The Ivoire complex was a test case," says Mayer. Having proved successful (a third building will be under construction soon), the Ivoire will be the anchor for a 100,000-acre development along the lagoon from Abidjan to Bingerville, the nearby town that is named for Captain Louis Gustave Binger, the explorer who signed some of the first protectorate treaties with the chiefs and who became the first governor of the colony in 1893.

Mayer's African Riviera will bank on the stable politics of the Ivory Coast and its comparatively strong economy. The Riviera will be an international tourist area and a "dispersal area," as well as a residential development with space for 120,000 residents in a "garden city" environment. To do the job, he has brought in California architect and urban planner William Pereira. The family team is represented by Mayer's son-in-law, Thomas Leitersdorf, a young, London-trained, Israeli architect.

The Riviera is being laid out, not along the splendid beaches that run the coast, but overlooking the Abidjan lagoon. Garden apartments and waterside villas will be placed along the ten-mile lagoon drive. According to Mayer, financing has already been set aside for two more hotels, a marina, a golf club, and that quintessential equipment for any self-respecting resortland, a Robert Trent Jones golf course. All that, and a convention hall—badges in West Africa?—will be built by 1972.

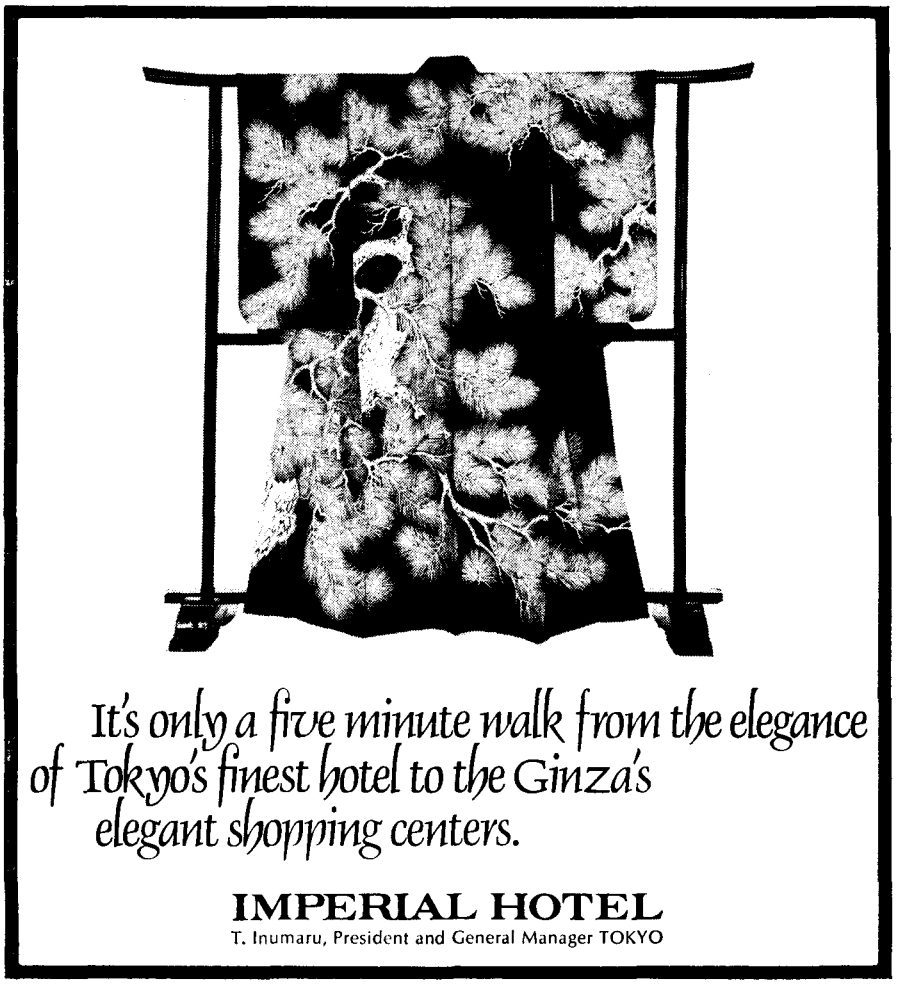
By then most of the tourist parts of the Riviera—an arts and crafts center, exhibition halls, an Olympic sports center, an STOL airport, and a third wave of hotels—will be in place. Unfavored with easy-to-see animals, Abidjan will get an African-style, Mayer-built animal park, with visitors riding a monorail through the manufactured veld to observe the animals roaming free.

The African Riviera will need 50,000 people to support the tourist facilities and the industry that will grow on the cultivated site. The most sensitive phase will be moving the villages into planned community dwellings. Hopefully, the six villages on the site will evolve from their traditional living habits toward a more contemporary mode of life.

In the long view, Pereira agrees that the automobile will remain the common carrier, but the airplane, in whatever form it may evolve, will bring into reach the two-and-a-half billion people who live within the 6,000-mile range of the Ivory Coast. Abidjan's new air terminal now serves eleven airlines, among them such well-known names as Alitalia, KLM, Pan Am, Sabena, and Swissair. Fluttering in soon will be Iberia, Lufthansa, and SAS. Nations among the former French West African colonies have formed a consortium called Air Afrique, which flies now from Paris, and in January will open services to the States paralleling Pan Am's South Atlantic route from New York to Dakar and then across West Africa.

While Mayer was unveiling his plans for the African Riviera, Air Afrique quietly signed an agreement with Pan Am's Intercontinental Hotels for a string of hotels across West Africa. Intercontinental will supply its hotel planning and construction techniques to Hotafric, a hotel development company owned by Air Afrique and thirteen nations of West Africa stretching from Senegal to the Congo. The first will be a 154-room inn, already under construction, which Intercontinental will take over and operate in Libreville, Gabon. Apart from its arrangements with Hotafric, Intercontinental will also open a 250-room hotel with swimming pool and the usual amenities in Kinshasa next summer.

As far out as it may seem, a cabana in the Congo may be just the thing for the Determined Tourist, dogging it across Africa on one of the upholstered well-we've-done-every-place-else tours put up by the classier travel agents for their well-heeled clients. It will also be appealing to winter-chilled Europeans, especially sun-seeking Swedes and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frost-bitten Britons who have no warm sanctuaries within easy reach.

Quick to spy a deserted seashore, Club Méditerranée is moving into Assinie, sixty-five miles up the coast from Abidjan toward the Ghana border. Here the lagoon makes a deep incision in the long beach that forms much of the Ivory Coast as it rims the South Atlantic, and the sandy peninsula offers a choice of the quiet waters of the lagoon and the surf of the sea.

The French occupied both Assinie and Grand Bassam in 1843. Grand Bassam emerged as the first capital; yet its old colonial buildings are all but abandoned now and most of its population has gone. The coastal road from the new capital at Abidjan is a broad highway that leads past the airport through palm groves, past African villages and signs saying La Petite Europe that lead down a piney trail to the sea.

On Sunday the Europeans in residence flock to the beach in front of La Taverne Bassamoise, a popular rookery for weekends and holidays. The grand dames of Africa parade along the sand in their yards of wrapped cloth and their artfully arranged turbans, offering little more than a bare foot to the sea. The Europeans offer everything except what a bikini will cover and thus outfitted they splash in the fearsome surf even though the undertow will have you in Saint Helena, the last patch of land in the South Atlantic, with the next ebb tide, and the record of drownings is frightening. After forays into the surf, the bathers nest on the beach under the thatched parasols, and at noon they repair to the sheltered restaurant to pick off the shells of the grilled *crevettes* done in spicy Bassamois style, and to taste the squid that is a speciality done à la Marseillaise but here is served "à l'Américaine."

The displaced *pied-noirs* from Algeria who have found a new overseas home can recall North Africa over the couscous, and those who would be in the game lands now that fall is here can order the salmis of Pintade, potted guinea hen served in a casserole. Strange as it may be, it is easier to get bottled water here than it is, say, in the Caribbean. The cuisine may borrow now and then from Africa, but it preserves its Gallic accents as carefully as does Chevalier. With the elements of folklore, weather, beach, fast planes, and good hotels, the African Riviera, naturally endowed, embellished by Mayer, and flavored always with that piquant drum-rumbled African mystique, could well be tomorrow's playland of the Western world.

(This is the first of two articles.)

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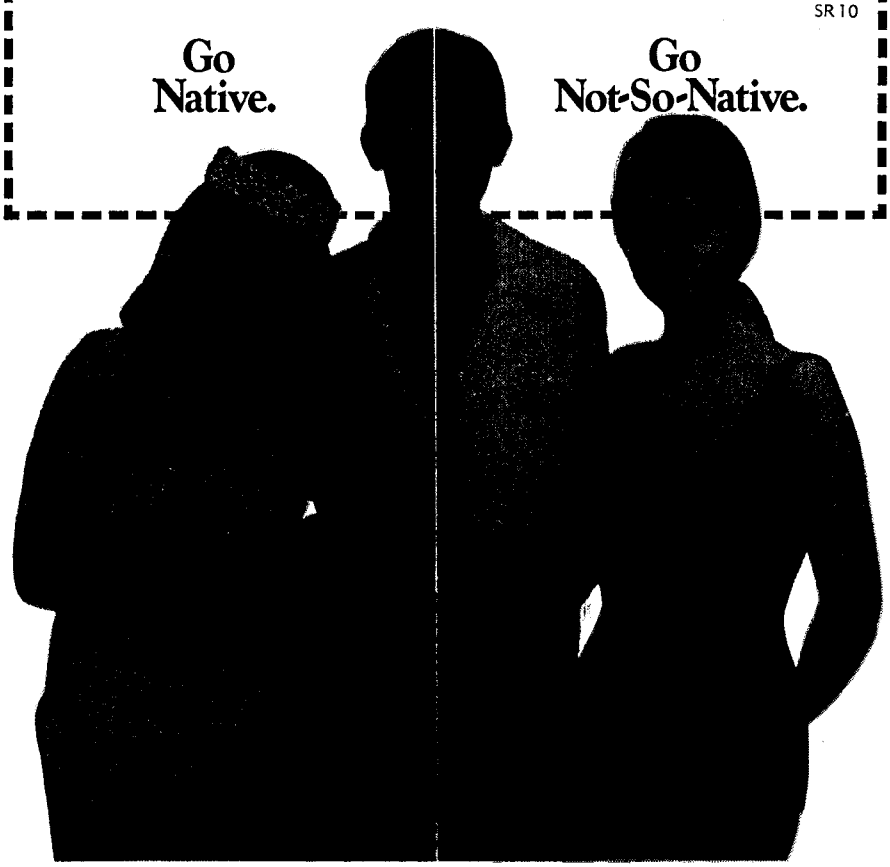

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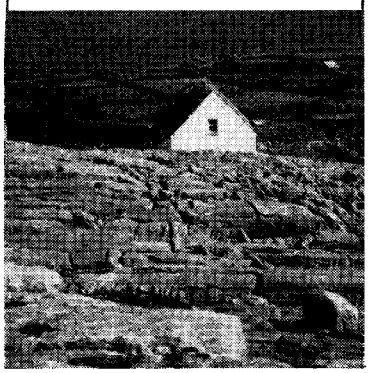

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A Gazetteer for the Off-trail Traveler

Grand Cayman: No gambling, no horse-racing, no golf. One merely basks in the sunny uncommercialism and hopes it stays that way. Skin divers, who ply the wrecks off the Rum Point Club, find Grand Cayman one of the most fertile grounds in the Caribbean. The island's seventeen hotels range from Caribbean Beach Club ($70 for two, American plan) to Sunset Guest House ($30). It's a seventy-minute jet flight from Miami on BWIA, Lacsa (the Costa Rican airline), or Bahamas Airways, ready to start service this winter.

St. Barthélemy: People who've seen St. Barts aren't talking. They want to protect its innocence. Once Swedish and now French, this tiny West Indian outpost has three miles of white beach, people who speak and dress like Normans, and a landlocked harbor in Gustavia cherished by yachtsmen throughout the Caribbean. With twenty-one rooms, the Presqu'ile is one of the island's biggest hotels. Even smaller and quainter are the seven-room Eden Roc Guest House and the eight-room Autour du Rocher. Small planes connect from Guadeloupe, St. Thomas, and a few neighboring islands.

Papua-New Guinea: The only way by air is from Australia. Accommodations range from small, enchanting inns or houseboats to the most rustic of shelters. Lindblad Travel of New York, which takes its customers to the darkest corners of the globe, runs a houseboat tour up the Sepik River, winding 700 miles through the interior and 10,000 years into the past. New Guinea is only a hundred miles across the Torres Strait from the north coast of Australia, but even the Aussies can't tell you much about the place. Cannibals still live in the highlands, but they don't happen to relish tourist meat, and besides, watchful patrol officers are usually close by.

Manaus: Brazil's river port on the Rio Negro, a few miles upstream from the Amazon, has come back to life more than a half century after a rubber boom fizzled and its golden, double-colonnaded opera house was boarded up. Restored to its *fin-de-siècle* grandeur, the Teatro Amazonas (where Jenny Lind sang and Pavlova danced) is drawing small but significant waves of tourists who come by air or water, there being no accessible roadways. Other jungle diversions: fishing, alligator hunting, and canoeing between remote tribal villages.

Surinam: This polyglot land at the northeast corner of South America, blends the diverse character of Hindu, Javanese, Chinese, Bush Negro, and of course the once-ruling Dutch. Para-

Javanese dancers of Surinam.

maribo, the capital city, still bristling with colonial architecture, boasts one of South America's memorable hotels, the Torarica. By day, its patio rings with the Javanese armor dance; at night, fire dancing erupts on the same spot. An hour's drive away are the painted huts of the Bush Negroes and an hour beyond that the thatched communes of the aboriginal Amerindians. KLM, the Dutch airline, offers a seventeen-day excursion rate between New York and Surinam for $270.

Galapagos Islands: Six hundred miles west of Ecuador, the Galapagos lie in the prehistoric grip of the masked booby, the waved albatross, and the marine iguana, not to mention a crowd of other creatures that moved Darwin to write his *On the Origin of Species*. There are no hotels, most visitors putting up in the *Lina-A*, a posh Greek yacht that glides between the islands. Assorted cruises and chartered flights link up from Ecuador.

Micronesia: This island nation in the Far Pacific is slowly beckoning to the tourist. Hotels are rising on the trackless shores of such places as Truk, Saipan, Koror, Yap, and Ponape; Continental Airlines has introduced jet birds to this unsullied environment. Continental can send you packing for $1,100 from Chicago, a two-week tour that includes hotels, meals, excursions, and a stopover in Honolulu to see what paradise can become.

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Burma: Long offlimits to tourists, Burma can now be seen on a seven-day visa. According to *Passport*, a sharp and gossipy travel newsletter published in Chicago, a Swiss tour company runs a thorough, if exhausting, three-day trip out of Bangkok. The Shwedagon Pagoda in Rangoon is a dazzling sight at dusk. Rangoon's Strand Hotel, with its high ceilings and teak floors, recalls the colonial days. Pagan, 300 miles north of Rangoon, is rich in archeological gems, with religious edifices covering sixteen square miles.

Madagascar: Officially titled the Malagasy Republic, the fourth largest island on Earth hasn't changed much since the Portuguese dropped anchor four centuries ago. One of the newest landmarks on the flowery landscape is the Madagascar Hilton, opened just this month hard by the high cliffs of Tananarive, the capital. Fitted with every amenity known to Hiltonites, the eighteen-story tower eventually will add a discothèque, a bowling alley, and a poolroom. Two-hundred-and-fifty miles off the southeast African coast and washed by the mild Indian Ocean, Madagascar no doubt will draw increasing numbers of camera-hung tourists fresh from photographic safaris in East Africa. The best days are from January to October, and then the monsoons come. Wild flowers and fruits and not so wild animals cover the 1,000-mile-long island. Herds of zebu, a humped cattle, crowd the tropical savannah, but strangely there is no big game (other than a stray wild boar) and nary a poisonous snake.

—George Holton (Lindblad)

Easter Island's great stone faces.

Easter Island: The trouble used to be that a visitor had to stay in a private home or tent camp when he wasn't out inspecting petroglyphs of bird men and the big stone faces peering inland. In January a prefab, sixty-room hotel with restaurant and swimming pool will open on this Chilean outpost in the Pacific. Lan-Chile Airlines does the trip in four-and-a-half hours from Santiago. Round-trip air fare between New York and Santiago is $541; add $200 for the hop to Easter.

Antarctica: There aren't many farther-out spots for nonastronauts than the ice-capped bottom of the Earth. The *M. S. Lindblad Explorer*, an icebreaker built by the Finns, who are the world's best at that sort of thing, penetrates a bit farther south each year. Lesser vessels must turn back when they reach the pack ice. The cold fact is that despite the heroics of Scott, Byrd, Ronne, and others, man has explored less than 1 per cent of the continent by foot. Lindblad runs a four-week tour out of New York, with calls in Montevideo on the way down and Buenos Aires on the way back. There are shorter cruises out of B.A. Penguins and seals are spotted with regularity in Antarctica, but the real test is to see a Wilson's dolphin. One of its kind has never been caught.

Finnish Lapland: After you've done St. Moritz and Val d'Isère, the thing to do is point your skis toward the Arctic Circle and head for the land of the Lapps. A ten-day tour of the Finnish sector costs only $150, full board. After the *kaamos* season, when Lapland is cloaked in daylong darkness, the sun returns in mid-January to light the downhill and cross-country trails. Rovaniemi, the Lapp capital, has a sleek, roomy hilltop lodge with a notably un-Finnish name, the Motorest Motel. At Suomutunturi, a hotel straddles the Arctic Circle, the line of demarcation passing directly through its restaurant, which is shaped like a Lapp tent. An hour's instruction will earn you a license to drive a reindeer sleigh.

Bugaboo Mountains: Another variation of the slat sport is Bugaboo skiing, named for the mountain range on Canada's Alberta-British Columbia border. Helicopters ferry experienced skiers to the tops of remote slopes buried deep in powder. Canadian Mountain Holidays, in Banff, packages a $400 week that includes chopper ride from Calgary to the thirty-six-bed Bugaboo Lodge, all meals, and three dozen mountains with downhill runs up to ten miles. Pacific Ski Air charges $60 for four runs from Whistler Mountain north of Vancouver to the nearby glacial peaks. —DAVID BUTWIN.

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Cossotto in "Norma"; Berio, Menotti Revisited

THE METROPOLITAN has a new, welcome accent for its *Norma,* or, perhaps more accurately, it has an old accent previously missing in its present (1970) revival. It was provided by Fiorenza Cossotto, who brought not merely an Italianate sound to her Adalgisa, but more particularly an Italianate emotional commitment previously absent from the kind of Bellini shaped to the particular virtuosity in Joan Sutherland's singing of the title role.

Miss Cossotto left little doubt that her concern as a performer of Adalgisa was to convey the dilemma besetting the Druid priestess enticed into an emotional involvement with an officer of her hated (Roman) conquerors. This she did almost at once by the appearance she presented at her first entrance of a woman both in love and in distress. This much thus quickly established, she could move on, swiftly and decisively, to assert her command not only of the p's and q's of *bel canto,* but also of the *p*'s and *f*'s that connote fine artistry in any form of musical expression.

As well as being a lovely sound in the middle-to-low register where much of Adalgisa's music lies, hers is a voice with that finely resonant mixture of vibrato and color that marks the ripe Italian mezzo in its prime. Its blend with Sutherland's in the celebrated duets that are the jewels in the crown of Bellini's regal score was different from that much admired in prior performances with Marilyn Horne as Adalgisa, presenting—in the political phraseology—not merely an echo but a choice. Instead of suggesting a single voice performing on two different pitches, the Sutherland-Cossotto combination established the participation of two individuals united by misery and common concern.

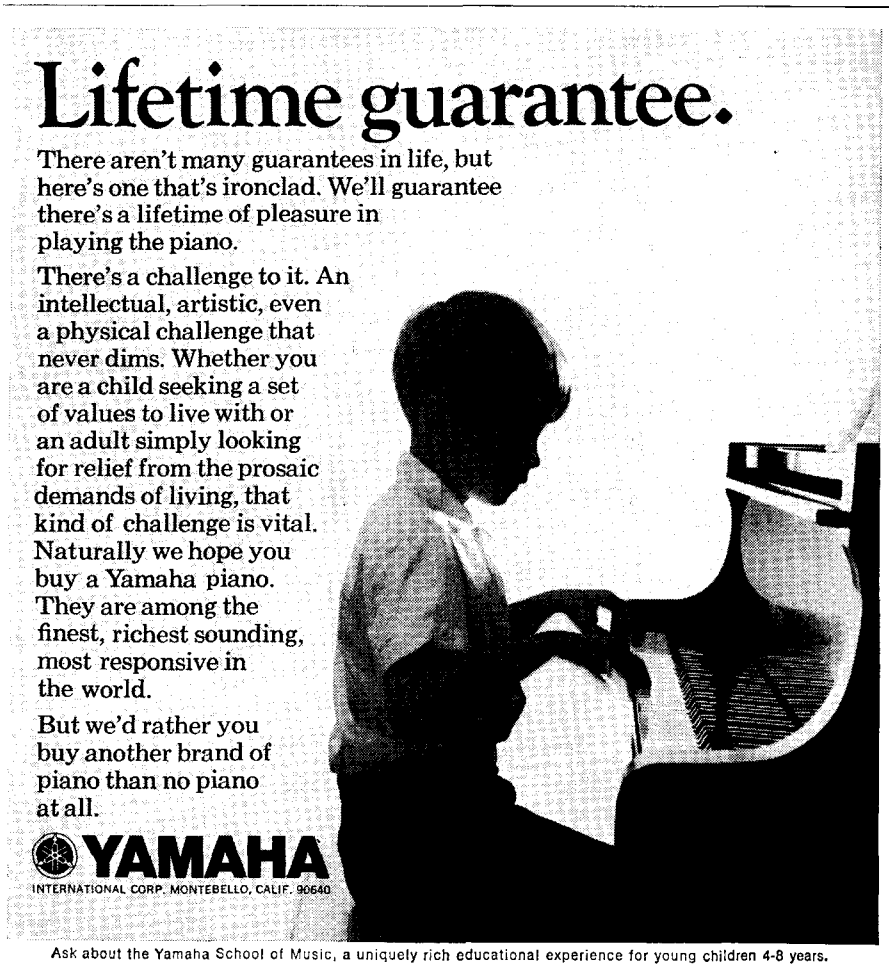
The most productive benefit was not to "Mira, o Norma," which is everybody's idea of the score's high point, but in the preceding "Io fui così," which wrings the changes from the emotional core of the work—the betrayed Norma's awareness that her younger associate's dilemma is exactly the one that caused her to betray her own vows. The contrast in the vocal as well as the physical characteristics of the two women made Miss Sutherland more realistically the Den Mother giving comfort to her sister in woe than she had been before. When they were joined by John Alexander as Pollione in pursuit of a new Druid (Adalgisa) to take the place of the discarded one (Norma), the trio that climaxes this scene had the kind of fervor it deserves.

Also strengthening to the range of emotions embodied in this work was the strong sound of Ivo Vinco, an Oroveso equipped with the bass voice to function in the grand tradition. Indeed, all that was wanting was a greater urgency from the pit than was provided by conductor Richard Bonynge. He has now had sufficient exposure to prove beyond doubt that what he has to contribute to the preparatory phase of a production is far more than he has to offer when the curtain is up. The Metropolitan's best interest will be served by a return to the rule of know how rather than know who.

The first local performance of Luciano Berio's *Sinfonia* since it was introduced by the New York Philharmonic just two years ago left more questions than answers. This was not for lack of opportunity for familiarity with the score in the interim, or because Berio had added a fifth, final section not heard previously, or even because it was conducted this time by Leonard Bernstein. It was, rather, that the work has vastly more reality in the much-circulated recording than it had in this concert rehearing.

It may well be that, in addition to creating the first symphonic score in which a vocal "group" (the Swingle Singers) has a fundamental part, Berio has also created the first such work that is essentially for private rather than public consumption. Basically an electronic rather than an acoustical concept, the recording renders much more clearly than the live conditions not only the constant participation by the double quintet of vocalists (whose syllabification may be meaningless but should not be unintelligible), but also the mosaic of quotations that make up its third and best movement. Bernstein applied to the latter a good deal of energy to promote a recognition factor for the audience: The point is, really, that the allusions should be perceived in a veiled, dreamlike context, which is possible from a recording but not in a concert hall.

As for the added movement, *comme*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ci, comme ça. It adds a cyclical sense, in returning the listener to the point of beginning, much of the new section deriving from the first movement. But the quiet, irresolution of the fourth movement also has its value as a terminal point. The ostentatious departure of a number of the uninterested was matched by the ostentatious clamor of a like number at the end.

The hardiest of orchestral perennials is once more in bloom, giving off the famed *élixir de Stokowski* that lasts and lasts. It was present almost with the first deep breath of sound exhaled by the current version of the American Symphony Orchestra at its season-opening concert in Carnegie Hall. Billed as the "Overture in D minor of Handel, transcribed by Leopold Stokowski," it was, in fact, a *Fantasia*-like dream of orchestral sonority which the conductor-arranger has been purveying for decades.

Fortunately, the cataract of sound abated somewhat in the premiere performance of Gian Carlo Menotti's *Triplo Concerto a Tre.* The seeming redundance—"Triple Concerto for Three"—is not really repetitive, for the orchestra is combined with three groups of three solo instruments: violin, viola, and cello; oboe, clarinet, and bassoon; and piano, harp, and battery. The contrasting sonorities made for an engaging premise, but it may be assumed that, Menotti-like, it is not pursued at a cost to musical interest. This is made up in equal parts of rhythmic verve, melodic gaiety, and harmonic diversion, to the extent, indeed, that the work would seem predestined for the dance stage. It is infused with a festive, commedia dell'arte quality that has almost inbuilt choreographic connotations. As often as not, one had to guess at the whole character of the work, for balances were none too good, and at one point in the finale there was a strong suggestion that some inner voice had gone astray. Of course, that is Menotti's penalty for writing music where one may notice such deviations, but he sowed better than he reaped.

Between the Menotti and the Schumann Second Symphony the audience was offered a hearing of the long-dormant Concerto in A minor of Paderewski, researched, revived, and restored by Earl Wild at the piano. It provided numerous opportunities for his big hands and large style to weave tapestries of sound, some of them ingratiating, almost all of them well formed. Paderewski was, of course, an aristocrat as a composer as well as interpreter, though—like some others of that station—he tended to live beyond his (musical) means.

TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

The Fantasy-Violence Syndrome

Critics' and Public Perceptions of Violence in TV Programs, a new Michigan State University study, inspires speculations that reinforce concern about the potential for aggression in young Americans today. The authors (Bradley S. Greenberg and Thomas F. Gordon) report their findings without interpretations, and the implications I draw are solely mine. They asked a sample of viewers and a small number of professional TV critics to rate prime-time programs on the three commercial networks for the amount of violence perceived (a lot, quite a bit, some, not much, and none at all). Critics and viewers agreed unanimously in their designation of the top twenty most violent shows. The first six were *Mod Squad, Mannix, Mission: Impossible, Hawaii Five-O, It Takes a Thief,* and *The FBI.*

The critics saw more violence in nineteen of the twenty most violent shows than the viewers. Of the viewers, women detected more violence than did men, and "the younger age groups consistently and significantly rated the program offerings as more violent." Critics, women, and youth, then, perceived more violence on TV than men and older people. Maybe the critics "see" more violence because they have clearer intellectual criteria than non-critics. Perhaps they "look" for violence in order to write about it; or they may be ivory-tower people who have little real-life experience with violence and consequently are more sensitive to fantasized examples of it. The first possibility is supported by the fact that when certain viewers were given a definition of violence they tended to see more of it than other respondents who were given no definition.

Women and youth, generally, may be said to experience violence mostly in mediated fantasy rather than in real life. It was the over-fifty segment who saw less violence than all the others. Perhaps this group, having lived through World War II and the Korean conflict, knows, from personal experience or that of family and friends, real violence as opposed to the fantasy kind. Having alternatives in mind, they are

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able to separate fantasy from reality and tend to be less impressed by the former. It would be interesting to know, the survey suggests, whether social class or race are critical factors in "seeing" violence. Is TV violence deemed less violent by "citizens whose environs contain more frequent exposure to real-life violence"? There are psychiatrists who hold that violence, cumulatively experienced in fantasy, without real-life exposure, leads to homicidal or suicidal aggression.

Critics, we may reason, have intellectual defenses against aggressive drives that are intensified by their large doses of fantasy violence. Women's destructive tendencies are balanced by life-giving, protective instincts. Of the three classes, youth is the most vulnerable: Young people have less real-life violence balancing experiences; they are less constrained in violent expressions; they have more opportunity; they are troubled and have more at stake.

Unlike Plato, we would scarcely suggest taking our children to the battlefield to watch brutal conflict and death. A more modern form of rationality would be to teach them to be less impressed by fantasy violence on TV. The way in which TV presents violence could be modified. (What if TV really showed what happens to a human body when a bullet smashes it, as opposed to cool, clean death on *Gunsmoke* or *Get Smart?*) TV could take a more realistic approach to violence.

TV also could attack the fantasy-reality front directly, by helping viewers in many areas of their lives to discriminate between constructive and destructive behavior in individuals, families, and society. TV "could," of course, must be countered by TV "won't," owing to a sufficient body of philosophical, economic, and psychological reasons for perpetuating rather than modifying the present confusion between reality and fantasy on the small screen. When you consider that people under thirty have lived all their lives with the fantasy of supreme violence in the hydrogen bomb, it is difficult to underestimate the addictive power of fantasy violence that is heading for destructive explosion. If institutions could think, television would remember that it, too, is young enough to be itself victim of the fantasy-violence syndrome. A final puzzle in the Michigan State survey is left for the reader. If "seeing" less violence on TV means less chance of acting out destructive impulses, how do we explain the behavior of our over-fifty national leaders who compulsively continue to add ABMs to already fantasy-oriented nuclear stockpiles?

SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

Strange Ladies

FOR A GOOD MANY YEARS, Turgenev's novella *First Love* was handed around from one producer to another, but never quite made it to the screen. One screenplay adaptation was done by the late John Van Druten, who, for some unknown reason, transferred the mid-nineteenth-century tale from its Russian setting to the contemporary French Riviera. Now, at last, and not particularly thankfully, we have it in a version produced, directed, and acted in by Maximilian Schell, and I must confess to being thoroughly bewildered by the changes *he* has made in the story. While it does follow, to a degree, Turgenev's account of a boy of sixteen who falls in love with the beautiful daughter of an impoverished princess, and who eventually discovers that the girl, Zinaida, is the secret mistress of his father (played by Schell), it has a way of wandering off on tangents not even hinted at by the great Russian author.

True enough, the story might have seemed a little too skimpy for feature-film length, but the modifications made by Schell are arbitrary and, while intended probably to give it greater significance, turn it toward what might be politely called the surreal. Although shot in Hungary, the locale is presumably Russia, for the characters still bear their Russian names. The most puzzling question the film raises, however, is *when?* From the look of the buildings and various artifacts, one might at first guess the late nineteenth century. However, the old princess types away on a typewriter that might be circa 1910. Zinaida's local suitor companions cavort to music from a phonograph that has the look of a 1916 model. There is electric lighting in the houses, but transport is by horse and wagon or horse and buggy. Nary an automobile to be seen. To confuse matters more, there are some war scenes, with fighting reaching to the very edges of the small, bucolic community, but it is watched with only vague bemusement by the boy, Alexander, and the girl he adores.

Schell obviously had something in mind, but he fails to tell us, or indicate, what it was. Meanwhile, we must content ourselves with some pleasing photography by Sven Nykvist, who was associated with Ingmar Bergman through thirteen films, and some of the Turgenev material that has managed to survive. The boy's fascination with the strange girl next door is well captured by John Moulder Brown, and she, in turn, has much of the captivating mysteriousness that Turgenev intended, even though Dominique Sanda's voice has required dubbing into English. Marius Goring and John Osborne appear briefly, but flavorfully, in minor roles. In fact, the atmospheric evocation is at times so successful that one wonders why the interpolations were thought necessary. As it is, they have gone and ruined something that could have been very good.

An intriguing notion, too, is presented in *The Baby Maker,* in which a decidedly liberated California girl hires herself out to a childless couple for the purpose of being impregnated by the husband, after which, nine months later, by agreement she turns over to them the resulting child. Passing strange, even improbable, and yet undoubtedly there have been such cases. The director and writer, James

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Bridges, claimed to have met such a girl, and he has cited "babymaking" advertisements in classified sections of the underground press. All right, we'll accept it. But Bridges then treads gingerly through the relationships between the girl, her boyfriend, the husband, and the wife, and I found them all unconvincing and essentially false.

While the film purports to be about love and tenderness, and while it contrasts the square world of the upper-middle marrieds with the freer attitudes of the girl and her "beautiful" boyfriend, the sheer ugliness of the arrangement is ignored and plastered over with a rosy glow. Such a girl would quite likely have been a kook and well into the hard drug scene; as acted giddily by the plumpish Barbara Hershey, whose talent failed, also, to impress me in *Last Summer*, she believes in pot, but is off acid. The would-be parents are clichés of California respectability, though at the same time entering without qualms into the novel type of marital infidelity. The movie is made further suspect by the inclusion of some nightclub psychedelia that, by now, is merely stale and tiresome. A graphic natural child-birth sequence seems authentic enough in its details, but the presence of the "real" father and the foster mother-to-be in the delivery room only struck me as grimly laughable. Perhaps the sentimentalized direction hampers the film; more likely, the surface treatment of the subject should bear the brunt of the blame.

If Miss Hershey seems incapable of suggesting any emotion that cannot be expressed by the terms "Oh, wow!" and "Beautiful!", Genevieve Bujold has some genuinely expressive ability to bring to *Act of the Heart*, which is described as "A Film by Paul Almond." Mr. Almond, a Canadian, is the husband of Miss Bujold, and he has devotedly written and directed for her a story about a disturbed girl who finds herself in love with a choir-directing monk, who eventually forsakes his cloth for her. She eventually forsakes her life (garishly, through self-immolation) for him, but, until this happens, Almond is so chary about revealing what his story is that at first we assume it is about a hockey-playing little boy, then about his lesbian-inclined mother, and finally about the distressing state of the world at large. I suspect the film is supposed to be very artistic; it includes a cantata composed by Harry Freedman, with words from the Bible and St. Augustine, and arranged by Almond. Donald Sutherland plays the monk very quietly. Almond has also directed the film quietly, so much so that if it were not for the presence in it of the lovely Miss Bujold, it would be supremely dull.

World of Dance

Walter Terry

—*Photos by Ron Protas*

Martha Graham—not ready, at seventy-six, to retire from the stage.

Martha Graham: Past, Present, Future

THERE WAS QUITE A FLAP. *The New York Times* interviewed Martha Graham and published a page-one story—admiring, respectful, tender—that the seventy-six-year-old star was retiring as a dancer. In a matter of hours after publication, Miss Graham, through spokesmen, said it wasn't so. In the evening of the same day, as her company (without scheduling her as a performer) opened an engagement at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, and as she was presented with the Handel Medallion, New York City's highest cultural award, she asserted from the stage that she had no intention of retiring.

Two explanations are possible. One is that a woman, liberated or not, has the age-old privilege of changing her mind. The other is that Miss Graham, who usually speaks in poetic images, was misunderstood. Whatever the reason and whatever Miss Graham's ultimate decision may be—and she has been profoundly tormented by the need to make such a decision during the past few years, as her once awesome movement prowess has waned beyond recognition—the Graham future, as choreographer, director, teacher, innovator, and total genius, continues to shine.

In the elegantly redecorated grand old opera house at the Academy, the Graham company danced gloriously, really gloriously. In many now historic Graham masterworks, Graham roles were filled by younger dancers. Miss Graham, I hasten to say, cannot be replaced, but she can, as a dancer, be succeeded, and her successors were eminently successful in the tough

Pearl Lang dances a Graham role in "Letter to the World."

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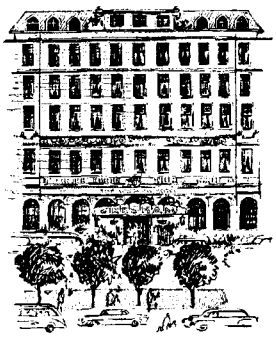

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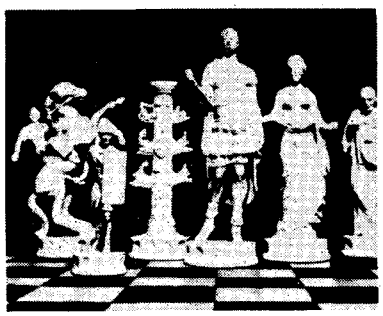

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Patricia Birch inherits a Graham part in "Every Soul Is a Circus."

assignments that she gave to them.

A few seasons ago, Helen McGehee assumed Miss Graham's role as Medea in *Cave of the Heart* (Samuel Barber) and triumphed in a portrayal glittering with murderous sorcery. Miss McGehee repeated her success this season. But this engagement also brought to New Yorkers major revivals: *Letter to the World* (with a score by Hunter Johnson), first produced in 1940; *Deaths and Entrances* (Johnson), which dates from 1943 and which now has Mary Hinkson giving a brilliant performance, as reported last summer, in the Graham role; *El Penitente* (Louis Horst), with Miss Hinkson; and the great comedy ballet, *Every Soul Is a Circus* (Paul Nordoff), with Patricia Birch in Miss Graham's Beatrice Lillie-like part of the Empress of the Arena.

Unquestionably, the most important of the revivals was *Letter*, for it is not only a Graham masterpiece but also one of the great dance works of all time. It is a biography, a dual biography, of the New England poet Emily Dickinson. Miss Graham has produced two Emilys, the speaking Emily who moves with the decorum befitting a New England lady and who quotes from Dickinson poems, and the Emily who dances, the inner Emily: wild, romantic, outrageous, tormented, ecstatic—the creature who wrote the poetry.

Miss Graham, as director-producer, pulled a remarkable coup by getting back two major original members of the cast. After thirty years, Jean Erdman, who was once a Graham dancer and has long been an independent dancer-choreographer, returned to act the role of the One Who Speaks. It was a radiant performance in both words and movement, a performance by a superb actress with a lovely voice who moves like the dancer she is.

The second was Jane Dudley, who had originated the part of the ominous Ancestress. Miss Dudley, after her Graham years, went on to become a successful dancer-choreographer (with the Dudley-Maslow-Bales Trio, the New Dance group, etc.) until a hip injury, causing a limp, forced her retirement. She returned not long ago to play Mother Courage in Richard Kuch's *The Brood* and earned ovations. But returning to *Letter* posed another problem. Miss Graham, however, with enormous choreographic skill, rechoreographed the part, and Miss Dudley brought to it an even greater force, a more frightening magnetism, than perhaps it originally had.

For One Who Dances, the central Graham role, Miss Graham again looked beyond the personnel of her present company, and engaged a former leading dancer with her group and for long an independent dancer-choreographer of international luster, Pearl Lang. And how was she? Absolutely brilliant.

There were times when Miss Lang's resemblance to Miss Graham herself, in face and in movement accent, was eerie, almost chillingly so. But she discovered her own dramatic line, retained her own identity, and brought to *Letter to the World* a priceless ingredient I can describe only as "truth," for Emily, as renewed for our times by Miss Graham's nerve-deep choreography, was truly present on stage.

I wish space permitted a detailed commentary of all performers and performances of the Graham season in Brooklyn, but I must settle for a mass salute to both a great dance and theater company. (*Letter to the World* should have a Broadway run along with a shorter Graham masterwork, perhaps *Diversion of Angels.*)

This short season brought us not only memorable performances by a variety of superb dancers, along with the will-she-won't-she fuss over retirement, but also a clear assurance that Martha Graham, whatever her onstage-offstage status may turn out to be, will never be retired. Along with Emily, Martha has composed *her* timeless, even immortal, "Letter to the World."

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***SR*'s Children's Book Week Issue**

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As Others See Us

A Canadian Looks Inward

IN THE ECONOMIC as in the political world, Canada had gained autonomy in one empire only to become the colony of another. Her dependence upon American markets and American capital steadily increased. From 1948 to 1958, the nation's export trade to all countries had advanced in a satisfactory but very uneven fashion; her stake in the commerce of North America had grown by leaps and bounds. The share of the United States in Canada's external trade had by 1958 reached formidable proportions. . . .

The huge investment of American funds was the final and conclusive sign of Canada's increasing subordination in a North American empire, organized, developed, and financed on a continental scale by the United States. . . . The "direct" ownership was so concentrated as to constitute American control. . . . The Canadians had learned to identify postwar prosperity with American capital, just as they had been taught to identify the defense of liberty and democracy with American foreign policy. They looked to New York and Chicago for industrial direction just as they looked to Washington for diplomatic leadership.

—*Canada's First Century: 1867-1967, by Donald Creighton (St. Martin's Press).*

President Nixon's European Trip

LONDON:

THE FUNERAL of President Nasser was a moving sight. Millions of Arabs wept for the man who embodied their dreams. How their flamboyant grief contrasts with Mr. Nixon's tour of Europe. The crowds to greet the American President have been modest and polite. The low-key talks go on in private. Yet Nixon's meeting with President Tito in Yugoslavia stirs hopes just as deep as those of the Arabs. Can nations at last begin to talk straight to one another? Are we moving—in Nixon's phrase—"from an era of confrontation into an era of negotiation"? Nixon has been having some quiet success. In Vietnam, he has reduced both the fighting and the number of troops involved. Inside the United States, the blacks are gradually joining the mainstream of American life. America is trying to convince the Russians that she really does want to stop the arms race. It is slow, uphill work. But what Nixon lacks in panache he makes up for in determination.

—*Daily Mail.*

THE OCCASION was not momentous. It was pleasantly domestic—but this is what is meant by an Anglo-American special relationship. But it is not only domestic, as the last few weeks have shown. It is no secret that Mr. Nixon listened to British advice very attentively during the Jordan crisis, and in retrospect he was glad he did. Mr. Heath and Mr. Nixon are not dissimilar types of men. Neither has the gift of winning easy popularity. Each is short on public-relations allure. It will, therefore, never be a glamorous partnership of the kind to be memorialized by the glossy magazines. But it could be all the more real and significant for being unobtrusive and down-to-earth.

—*The Sunday Telegraph.*

MILAN:

DESPITE PRESSURE exercised by Italian Communists and the ambiguous position of one wing of the Italian Socialist Party, the bulk of this country's democratic forces knows that without safeguard of the equilibrium in the Mediterranean—including the equilibrium between military and naval forces—the Middle East would be transformed into a Balkan-type tinderbox, an explosion of which might set off a monstrous and destructive conflagration. . . . Hence it is understandable that, in his warmhearted reply to President Saragat's toast, President Nixon underlined the fact that the Middle East question is worldwide in scope and not, as he explicitly stated, "a dispute among two or three interested nations." Today, as in 1938-39, the cause of peace and security is indivisible.

—*Corriere della Sera.*

RICHARD NIXON'S sixteen-hour visit to Rome, crammed with brief conversations, was a typical American businessman's trip to make contact with overseas associates. . . . No visit from the head of another government has ever had such an artificial accompaniment of security measures. . . . The morning after his arrival, Nixon must have thought he was in a country in a state of siege.

—*Panorama.*

MADRID:

THE ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME extended to President Nixon is reminiscent of the tribute paid President Eisenhower in 1959. At that time we wrote: "The sharp sensitivity of the people of Madrid toward everything that indicates a generous, unselfish, honorable effort toward world peace has been magnificently demonstrated." We say the same today. Popular enthusiasm has been sincere and significant. Spain today, as it was then, is for peace. . . .

Nixon's meetings with Franco, Prince Juan Carlos, and other leading figures have a mark of understanding that the public endorsed, as was demonstrated by its favorable reaction. . . . Popular enthusiasm overshadowed the official welcome in this visit. The warm sincerity of the people far outshone the protocol of the occasion, although the latter, in this case, was inspired by the friendliest of feelings.

It has not then been a visit of pure courtesy, but one to strengthen the base of progressive cooperation between Washington and Madrid. There are many common interests held by the United States and our country, the sentinels and defenders of Western civilization. It is these interests that stimulated the warm, enthusiastic welcome of sympathy and understanding accorded Nixon as chief and representative of a great, friendly country.

—*ABC.*

DUBLIN:

WE BELIEVE that very few genuine Irish students wish to be so ill-mannered as to cause any unseemly incidents or show any discourtesy to the leader of that great country, that great land of freedom, the United States of America. . . . We do not recall Irish students having demonstrated against the Russian jack-boot methods in Czechoslovakia.

Many an Irish student and many an Irish teacher have reason to be grateful for the generous help they have got from the United States. Many an Irish

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home has been kept free from want by family remittances from America. We are not aware of any having come or of any likely to come from Russia or China.

THE PRESIDENT'S trip can play a role in arresting a total collapse in the effort to reach a settlement in the Near East. It can help save the cease-fire that is now so gravely threatened. And with the cease-fire on, hope for talks is not dead.

Nevertheless, the showing of the flag is essentially a gesture. It has the weakness of all gestures, which is a lack of staying power.

—*Sunday Independent.*

BELGRADE:

WE WELCOME the first visit by an American President to Yugoslavia, and regard it as a new thrust toward the development of a mutually beneficial cooperation between our two countries. Different views on various problems should not be an impediment to the calm and constructive exchange of opinions. President Nixon's visit also has major importance within a wider international context. His meeting with President Tito contributes to the cause of peace the world over.

—*Borba.*

ZAGREB:

PRESIDENT NIXON'S visit is an event of exceptional importance; it shows that we are now in a period of positive relations between our two countries. These relations have vacillated during the postwar period. True, the United States has given assistance to Yugoslavia during difficult times, but it has also tried to exert pressure on our internal affairs. It is our hope that these matters will be set aside in order to serve the more lasting interests of the peoples of both countries.

—*Daily Vjesnik.*

MELBOURNE:

ALTOGETHER, [President Nixon's] decision to "show the U.S. flag" in Europe appears untimely. It conjures few stars of hope and no political stripes for President Nixon. . . . Yet a state visit to Europe, omitting France and West Germany, the two senior partners in the Common Market, falls down by its omissions—like a performance of *Hamlet* without the battlements of Elsinore. Does Nixon feel that it would be premature to woo a French government that is still Gaullist without de Gaulle—and, to that extent, anti-American—and dedicated to the concept of a European monetary system that would force a devaluation of the U.S. dollar? Does Nixon want to avoid getting in Willy Brandt's hair, while West Germany negotiates its big deal with the Soviet Union? . . . Nixon's itinerary, in its selectivity and its timing, raises many questions. But it is hard to find answers that point to the success of Nixon's personal essays in foreign policy—in Southeast Asia, in the Middle East, or in Europe.

—*Sun News Pictorial.*

FRANKFURT:

PRESIDENT NIXON'S visit to Europe was made not because of but in spite of the situation in the Middle East. How necessary the American [naval] presence in the European-Arab-African waters is has been made clear by recent events. The United States showed great reserve, . . . but simultaneously, the President's visit gave American foreign policy the opportunity to show how determined Washington is to assert its European positions.

—*Frankfurter Allgemeine.*

STUTTGART:

THE TRIP is obviously intended as a demonstration of the firmness of American policy. . . . In principle, the European allies of the United States should welcome such a signal even if the timing of the visit is problematical.

—*Stuttgarter Zeitung.*

HAMBURG:

THE NIXON TOUR constitutes a display of leadership in which no one believes —least of all the United States itself. It is not enough to show the flag in order to retrieve the initiative from the Soviets.

—*Die Welt.*

MOSCOW:

Anti-Americanism?

IT WOULD BE wrong to put Vice President Agnew's rhetoric under the column of exceptional interparty squabbles and election propaganda. The matter concerns more serious things. The aggressive U.S. circles are trying to get out of their deadlock by launching fresh gambles. Their plans are being frustrated by the antiwar movement in the country. That explains why extraordinary efforts are being exerted to stamp out this movement. Together with National Guard bayonets and police truncheons—tested weapons of mass chauvinistic hysteria—"witch hunts" lately are ever more frequently being resorted to in combating the antiwar movement. Agnew's speeches, which are also coming in ever faster succession, should be regarded precisely in this light. They are sowing poisonous seeds of accusations of "anti-Americanism" and "subversive activity." The psychological calculation of such tactics is quite simple: If even such personalities as Averell Harriman or Edward Kennedy are not insured against charges of anti-Americanism, then what can happen to me? This is what the alarmed ordinary man in the United States is asking himself.

—*Izvestia.*

PARIS:

Arms to Greece

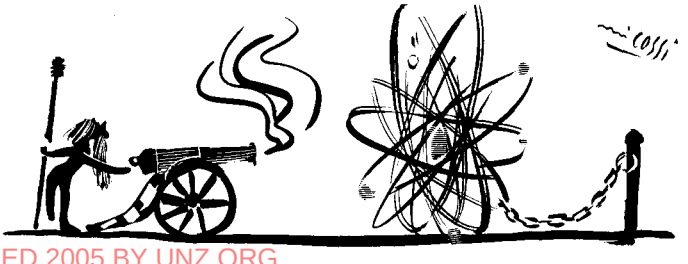
ON SEPTEMBER 22, making official a report that had been circulating for some days, the United States announced that it had decided to resume all arms deliveries to Greece. The decision invalidated an embargo on heavy arms set by President Johnson in April 1967 shortly after the military coup.

Coming only days after a visit to Athens by Assistant Secretary of Defense Warren Nutter, the measure is clearly a victory for the Pentagon.

Officially, President Nixon's decision had nothing to do with developments in the Middle East, and, in fact, it does seem that the White House had decided long before to resume heavy arms shipments to Greece. But it presumably seized the opportunity afforded by the situation in Jordan to try to force the pill down the throats of the more liberal elements in Congress, who will not fail to criticize this added endorsement of the colonels' regime.

—*Le Monde.*

—Compiled by NICHOLAS G. BALINT.



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Wheel of Love

Continued from page 36

hold on reality is weak. They, or those close to them, go insane or commit suicide. The girl in "How I Contemplated the World foom the Detroit House of Correction and Began My Life Over Again" is emotionally disturbed, as is Alexander, the acne-scarred boy in "Boy and Girl." His life leads inevitably to a psychiatric ward. The young Jewish graduate student of "In the Region of Ice" is brilliant and incoherent, and is committed by his family. The mother in "Matter and Energy" is a permanent patient in a mental hospital, and her daughter's life is nearly as shattered as her own.

Miss Oates's fictional territory is clearly marked out in this volume about middle-class America today. Unfortunately, the execution of these stories is not equal to her conception. Her characters are two-dimensional improvisations; they flicker in the consciousness of the reader, and then are as easily forgotten. Miss Oates is not really interested in people, only in mental states, which she can sketch in such abundance that the mind is both boggled and numbed by her prolificacy. *The Wheel of Love* is full of cleverness and nimble invention, but it lacks what every great work of fiction has—the sense of a deep involvement with life.

Robert Emmet Long is an assistant professor of English at Queens College, New York.

SINGLE FILE

by Norman Fruchter

Knopf, 177 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Robert J. Milch

■ Norman Fruchter writes with great power and compassion about the spiritually dispossessed. In *Coat Upon a Stick,* published in 1963, he dealt with the life of an elderly Jew on the Lower East Side of New York City. In *Single File,* also set in New York, he forces his readers to come to grips with the hidden inner-city world of the working class.

The constricted universe of *Single File,* just a few blocks in area, is inhabited by confused, uncertain people. Not satisfied with the little that life has offered them, they search for love and for the security that comes from a sense of well-being and personal worth. Being neither especially good nor especially bad, they act on narrowly conceived notions of self-interest, not so much from selfish motives but because they have no other guide.

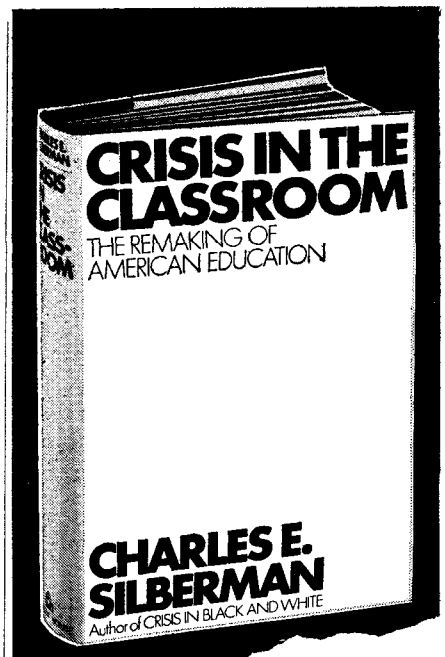
The novel is built around the murder of a Negro welfare mother by one of her neighbors, a physically and emotionally maimed Italian laborer who doesn't even know his victim's name. He is impelled to kill by a momentary rage born of frustration, which is almost immediately superseded by uncomprehending remorse. As any big-city cop can attest, this sordid murder, ugly and senseless, is as real as the daily police blotter, and its horror for the reader derives not from gory detail but from its raw authenticity and its ultimate triviality in the eyes of an indifferent society.

The making of the murderer is examined through a narrative of aspects of his life, as well as through his own memories and the reminiscences of those who know him. Interwoven with these are relevant extracts from the journal of a young welfare investigator who was the victim's caseworker. Because he felt a certain affection for the murdered woman, and because her death is, as he says, "the first public thing that ever happened I feel close to," the young man determines to learn all he can about the tragedy and its principals. He reviews his own records and questions other residents of the tenement district where he and his wife, the murderer, and the dead woman were all neighbors. The journal extracts cover his efforts to find the "meaning" of the murder, and offer as well a somewhat self-indulgent account of his sagging marriage, his middle-class mood of alienation and despair, and his relationships with his coworkers and those whom he questions.

Mr. Fruchter's prose is strong and precise, his descriptive passages are economical yet evocative, and many of his images are charged with a stark, pulsing excitement. Unfortunately, however, the structure of his novel is too elaborate. There is no consistent narrative viewpoint, and in the complex fabric of incidents directly related, incidents reported in the caseworker's journal, bits of official reports, reminiscences by various characters, flashbacks, and dreams, it is often difficult to identify the speaker or to determine whether the action is past or present, real or imagined.

These criticisms notwithstanding, *Single File* is a sensitive, powerful and moving book in which keen realism and an abiding sense of auctorial warmth and affection give life to a pathetic and not very admirable set of characters.

Robert J. Milch is a New York-based observer of the literary scene.



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Small Countries, Big Projects

by ZENA SUTHERLAND

Only the fascination of talking shop could have torn me away from the charm of Copenhagen's streets. Mrs. Vibeke Stybe, librarian at the Danish Educational Library and the author of *From Cinderella to Donald Duck*, a delightful book on the history of children's literature from the international viewpoint, proved to be a small mine of information. So did Mrs. Aase Bredsdorff, inspector of Danish children's libraries and an active participant in international organizations.

Both of these experts frankly agreed that, except for picture books, not many Danish children's books are worth translating, and in fact few of them are available in English. Not only that: the majority of children's books published in Denmark are translations from English or Swedish. Most award-winning English books and most Caldecott and Newbery winners are available in Danish, but, Mrs. Stybe said ruefully, many of the American books chosen for translation are not good. "Why must we have Carolyn Keene?" she asked.

"We have more money for book production than we can use," Mrs. Bredsdorff said. "A child may devour every title available, and have nothing left to read." There is reason, however, to hope that book production will expand. Meanwhile the Danish educational system is being reformed to provide more librarians, and recent legislation requires that each municipality maintain a public library with both children's and adult departments.

In Stockholm, as a guest of the Swedish Institute for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries, I was smitten first by the delightful Institute for Children's Books, and then by its director, Mrs. Mary Orvig, whose enthusiasm and vitality are matched by an encyclopedic and cosmopolitan knowledge.

The Institute is housed in a renovated, centuries-old building that is under the "fierce protection," in Mrs. Orvig's words, of the Stockholm City Museum. The Institute is a joint project of the City of Stockholm, the Swedish Publishers' Association, Stockholm University, and the Swedish Society of Authors of Books for Children. All books issued in Sweden, whether originals or translations (here, too, about half the books are translations), are provided free by the publishers.

The breadth of the collection and its broad base of support reflect Sweden's emphasis on the importance of children's literature. This year a new ruling in Swedish universities made mandatory the inclusion of a course on books for children in every literature curriculum, with stress on the history of ideas and how they affect juvenile writing.

The Institute's collection includes manuscripts, rare books, and scholarly and source materials. One of the treasures is a reprint of an instalment of *Columbus: How America Was Discovered* (Joachim Campe, 1785), from the *Weekly Journal for Swedish Youth.* At the close were the words, "To be continued, e.a.g." "What does that stand for?" I asked. "To be continued some other time," Mrs. Orvig explained. Another title page, in an 1856 publication, read engagingly, "Stories for children between 9 and 14 years by a friend of young people."

The resources of the Institute make possible such comparative studies as that by a student at the University of Göteborg: *The Westward Movement in American Children's Literature of the 1930s and the 1960s.* Discussing with Mrs. Orvig the sociological aspects of children's literature, I mentioned the recent spate of books on sex education. "You will have too much, too," she prophesied. Did she think it a mistake? Oh, no. But a member of her staff, a former teacher, had once asked her pupils, after a talk on some aspect of reproduction, if there were any questions. "Yes," said one boy. "We who know already, can we go ice-skating?"

We Never Get to Do Anything. *Written and illustrated by Martha Alexander. Dial.* 30 *pp.* $3.50. Small boy, large dog, busy mother, hot summer day. Adam wants to go swimming, but his mother is hanging out laundry. He disappears, is hauled back and tied to the clothesline. "We never get to do anything," Adam grumbles, as he slips out of his sunsuit and hares off *au naturel.* He looks enviously at a dog under a hydrant, at birds in a fountain, at an overflowing drainpipe. Then—o joy! Rain falls, Adam shoves his empty sand box under the drain, and on the last page he is blissfully relaxing in a do-it-yourself pool. The text is minimal, the pictures explicit and engaging. Ages 3-6.

Jim and the Beanstalk. *Written and illustrated by Raymond Briggs. Coward-McCann.* 40 *pp.* $4.95. After all these years, here is a sequel to "Jack and the Beanstalk." The giant has grown too old to digest boys on toast, and he cannot read poetry because of bad sight. Jim, who has come up in the world by the usual beanstalk route, suggests glasses, and is immediately given a giant gold coin and sent to an oculist. After he has procured the glasses, a set of false teeth, and a bright red wig for the giant, Jim is rewarded with a gold coin and a plea to cut down the beanstalk. The illustrations are delightful, lively with color, inventively detailed, and gracefully composed; the story is original and amusing. Ages 4-7.

Little Silk. *Written and illustrated by Jacqueline Ayer. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.* 32 *pp.* $4.50. Bright and busy Hong Kong scenes are the background for a tender story of a long-neglected doll. Kept in the closet of a crowded apartment, her costume as faded as her sad face, Little Silk remembers the days, long ago, when her Very First Mistress loved her, when her world was a quiet courtyard filled with fragrant trees and singing birds. Her present careless owner drops her while out for a walk, and Little Silk is picked up by an old countryman, who takes her to a new mistress. Again she is cared for, and given a newly sewn red-silk smile. The story is told in almost lyric style, the Hong Kong scene is colorful, and all doll-lovers will cheer the ending. Ages 5-8.

The Seventh Mandarin. *By Jane Yolen. Illustrated by Ed Young. Seabury.* 32 *pp.* $4.95. "Once in the East," the story begins, "where the wind blows gently on the bells of the temple, there lived a king of the highest degree." The king had never been outside the walls of his palace, nor had the seven mandarins who guarded him. The young seventh mandarin loved his king, but even more he loved the huge dragon kite that had to be flown each night. For it was written that as the kite flew, so was the king's soul guarded in his sleep. The tale, told in the style of legend, describes the night of the great wind that brought the seventh mandarin to a knowledge of all the despair outside the walls. The illustrations are stunning: large, sweeping paintings, subtly colored and beautifully composed. Ages 7-9.

Be Nice to Josephine. *By Betty Horvath. Illustrated by Pat Grant Porter. Watts.* 48 *pp.* $3.95. Saturday was dedicated to baseball, so Charlie was horrified when his mother announced that he was to spend this warm and sunny Saturday entertaining a visiting cousin. A girl, ugh. She'd probably be pretty, double-ugh. Charlie arranged a fishing picnic. To his surprise, Josephine was eager to dig worms, she

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knew enough to be quiet, and she even ate with relish the mustard-and-peanut-butter sandwich he had maliciously made. By the end of the day, when Charlie passed the ball field and was taunted by his friends, he made no bones about it: It had been nice to be nice to Josephine. "Blood is thicker than water," he told the guys. The illustrations convey Josephine's gap-toothed charm, and the simple story is written in an easy, natural style. One up for feminine acceptance! Ages 7-9.

Satchkin Patchkin. *By Helen Morgan. Illustrated by Shirley Hughes. Macrae Smith.* 64 *pp.* $3.95. Satchkin Patchkin is a wee green man who lives, "like a leaf, in an apple tree." Eight tales tell of his magical intervention in the sad affairs of Mother Farthing, the epitome of the sweet, rosy-cheeked old woman oppressed by the harsh landlord. The background, illustrated with tidy, deftly composed ink drawings, couldn't be more rural or more English, and the tales have a lilting cadence that makes them pleasant to read aloud. The book, first published in England in 1966, should be welcome to storytellers as well as to readers aged 8-10.

The Wonderful Story of How You Were Born. *By Sidonie Matsner Gruenberg. Illustrated by Symeon Shimin. Revised edition. Doubleday.* 44 *pp.* $3.50. When this book was first published in 1952, it was a good introduction to sex education. Now it is even better. The little anecdotes have been pruned, while the excellent, matter-of-fact presentation of information has been left intact. The new illustrations contribute immeasurably: they have a soft dignity and beauty that reflect the feeling of wonder with which the writing is imbued. Direct and simple enough to read aloud to younger children, it is also informative and comprehensive enough for independent reading by ages 8-10.

Sarah Somebody. *By Florence Slobodkin. Illustrated by Louis Slobodkin. Vanguard.* 72 *pp.* $3.95. In poor Jewish families living in Polish villages in 1893 the boys were sent to school, the girls stayed home. But Sarah's parents were anxious to take advantage of opportunity when it came, so they scraped together the four gulden each month that were needed to send her to the small class opened by the elegant Miss Chesnov, fresh from Warsaw. Sarah's proudest moment comes when her beloved grandmother shyly asks her if she can write "Ruth." It's Grandma's name, but Grandma cannot write. The illustrations are fetching, the story told with simple grace and deep affection for the family and the Jewish community. Ages 8-10.

Look Through My Window. *By Jean Little. Illustrated by Joan Sandin. Harper & Row.* 258 *pp.* $3.95. The first chapter is entitled "The Day the World Changed," and to Emily it really seemed that way. What had possessed her mother to take four rambunctious little cousins in, just because their mother was ill? The expected bedlam ensues, but Emily finds there are wonderful compensations in a big family, and she also finds the great joy of making a close friend. The small but absorbing crises of family life are described with vitality, and the book is garlanded with Emily's and Kate's rapt discussions of books and their candid exploration of what it means to be Jewish (as Kate is). Ages 9-11.

—From "Franklin Delano Roosevelt"

The Roosevelt family in 1919

The Russian Ballet School. *By Leon Harris. Illustrated with photographs. Atheneum.* 60 *pp.* $4.75. For students or balletomanes this sedate description of the arduous training and glamorous careers of Russian dancers should be enthralling. Carefully screened children enter the Kirov or the Bolshoi schools at the age of ten. The discipline is severe, but there has never been a voluntary dropout, although there is often distress at being less proficient than the star pupils. The rewards for a ballet dancer in Russia are many: an assured career, high salary, fame, and status. The photographs are both informative and handsome. Ages 9-12.

The Loner. *By Bianca Bradbury. Illustrated by John Gretzer. Houghton Mifflin.* 140 *pp.* $3.50. "The Great Mal" was the contemptuous name Jay Sharp gave to his older brother when he talked to his new friend Eddie. Jay had never had a real friend before, and he was anxious to keep him away from Mal, because Mal had everything: he was good at sports, liked by everybody, and much better at getting along with their parents. Jay's family is wealthy, but he secretly takes a job at a marina to give him a feeling of accomplishment. From his new security comes the ability to accept himself and the prespective to see that his brother isn't a bad sort. The plot development is smooth and believable, the depiction of relationships perceptive, and the dialogue easy and natural. Ages 10-12.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt. *By Wilson Sullivan and the editors of American Heritage. Illustrated with photographs. American Heritage/Harper & Row.* 153 *pp.* $5.95. One of the best of the Roosevelt biographies for young people, this gives an excellent picture of the Depression years, the campaigns, and the war that dominated Roosevelt's political career, as well as a warm and vivid picture of the man. Unlike many juvenile biographies, it does not dwell on the Groton schooldays or the marriage so bitterly opposed by the indomitable Sara Roosevelt. Written in a brisk and serious style, the book is sympathetic, fairly objective, and particularly notable for its even and intelligent coverage of events. The photographs are excellent, although there is a jarring note in the occasional interruption of text by double-page spreads of captioned pictures. Ages 11-15.

Beyond the Weir Bridge. *By Hester Burton. Illustrated by Victor G. Ambrus. Crowell.* 222 *pp.* $4.50. Last year's winner of the Carnegie Medal for the children's book of outstanding merit published in England, Hester Burton has a gift for writing historical fiction in which the authenticity of detail and depth of scholarship never overshadow the story. The plot, in turn, is wholly comfortable in its period, here the years 1651-1657. Thomas, Richenda, and Richard have been friends from childhood. Their affection is deep enough to overcome the fact that Thomas is from a Royalist family and the other two from the Roundhead camp. Even the marriage of his two friends can be borne by Richard, though he loves Richenda; what he cannot bear is their joining that despised sect, the Quakers. The Quaker struggle for acceptance is the crux of the story, but there are other historical aspects that are interesting and dramatic. Good style and a rousing tale. Ages 11-14.

Beyond Diplomacy: A Background Book on American Military Intervention. *By Richard Walton. Parents' Magazine Press.* 270 *pp.* $4.50. A journalist and teacher, Richard Walton writes with acumen and clarity of international situations in which armed intervention by the U.S. has superseded diplomacy. He is dispassionate in tone yet sharp in judgment, analyzing the context of action, the public mood and its manipulation by individuals, and the influence of the press. The brief and pungent histories, which include the Mexican war and our involvement in other Spanish-speaking nations and in Lebanon, are well written and fully documented. Ages 12 up.

The Honours Board. *By Pamela Hansford Johnson. Scribners.* 316 *pp.* $6.95. Downs Park isn't one of the best boys' schools in England, and the headmaster, Cyril Annick, knows it. The scholarships awarded the boys, listed on the "Honours Board," tend to be second-rate, and Annick longs for a brilliant student—particularly since there is every likelihood he will otherwise have to turn the school over to a member of his staff, Massinger, who is eager to run Downs Park his way. Woven into and around the story of the nurturing of a new and brilliant boy and the departure of the Annicks are perceptive sketches of faculty and parents. The writing is smooth, flowing, and practiced; the atmosphere of a small, slightly shabby establishment is drawn with conviction, and the unhappy intricacies of adult relationships are balanced by the warm ebullience of the boys. For young adults.

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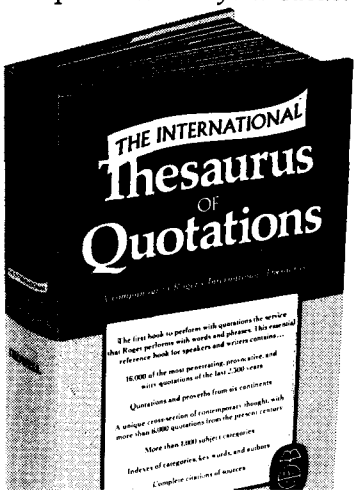

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NO HAIL, NO FAREWELL

by Louis Heren

Harper & Row, 275 pp., $6.95

THE PRESIDENT STEPS DOWN: A Personal Memoir of the Transfer of Power

by George Christian

Macmillan, 282 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Arthur Cooper

■ No President in this century knew as well where the levers of power lay nor how to grasp them so easily as Lyndon B. Johnson. And it was this, according to British journalist Louis Heren, that largely explained why Johnson ended up a political failure. "He ought to have been a good President," Heren writes. "He narrowly missed being one because the President is more than majority leader. . . . The natural gifts which made him the most successful Senate majority leader in history rendered him unfit to lead the nation in times of crisis. National leadership could not be exercised from a back room, with cajolery, fixing, and the rest of his tricks, and Johnson knew no other way."

The reasons for Heren's attitude are perfectly plain. As chief Washington correspondent for *The Times* of London, Heren covered LBJ from the day he inherited the Presidency until he left office five years and sixty-nine days later, a bitter man repudiated by his own party, plagued by a nasty war he could nether win nor end, criticized for policies that deeply divided the nation. To state it bluntly, Johnson failed mainly because his ability to acquire power far exceeded his ability to exercise it wisely.

Convinced of U.S. omnipotence and his own rightness, he usurped Congress's prerogatives to pursue an Asian policy that seemed more a rationalization than a rationale. He soon learned that Presidential power is not unlimited—the more one uses, the less one has. More and more Americans came to mistrust their President, whose greatest weakness, says Heren, was "his refusal to be honest with the country, and himself."

Heren's *No Hail, No Farewell,* a thoughtful, perceptive, year-by-year account of the Johnson years, is valuable not only because Heren is a shrewd observer and an engaging writer, but also because he views us with the perspective of the outsider. His clarity is sometimes painful, as when he remarks: "The U.S. was, and remains, a conservative country. Beyond the intellectual excitements of a few cities are millions of fundamentalist Christians whose views of life have not changed much since the early settlements."

No one understands this better than Richard Nixon.

Not that *No Hail, No Farewell* tells us much that is new about the Johnson Administration. A good deal of it is merely speculation: that it was Lady Bird Johnson who dissuaded her husband from seeking re-election, for instance; or that after the murder of Robert Kennedy LBJ seriously reconsidered his decision to withdraw. Nor is Heren's view of Johnson's personality very different from that of many American pundits; some of the adjectives he employs are "vain, devious,

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secretive, wheeling-dealing." But was LBJ as diabolical as his critics would have us believe?

Heren doesn't think so. Indeed, he sometimes seems downright fond of Johnson, whose "earthy and bawdy" humor delighted him—as when the President made heavy-handed use of the journalist's knee and thigh to illustrate his comparison of the Vietcong "to a young man trying to seduce a girl." Heren found the chief executive genuinely compassionate and deeply committed to improving his society, and believes that Johnson's enduring monument will be the social welfare legislation passed by the 88th and 89th Congresses.

In fact, Heren contends that many of the reasons for Johnson's failure are inherent in the American system of government. It is a government not only of laws but of men—and the men who influence Presidents tend inevitably to be élitists with a *noblesse oblige* tradition and an unquestioned reliance on a political legacy that, for the most part, is irrelevant. Heren does not think highly, for instance, of Defense Secretary Robert McNamara ("no political sense whatsoever") or Presidential Assistant Walt Rostow ("essentially a technician"). According to Heren, many of Johnson's top advisers shared his arrogance of power. These aides misread the genesis of the Vietnam war and misled the President into expanding it. The more Johnson isolated himself from the mood of the country, the more he depended for his information on the special pleaders in the Pentagon and the aides who told him only what they thought he wanted to hear. He listened only too well.

George Christian's *The President Steps Down* is far less satisfying. The most durable and least communicative of LBJ's four press secretaries, Christian has written a gossipy narrative of the President's last 100 days in office. Unlike Heren, he fails to deal with the larger issues of the Johnson Presidency, and, despite his vantage point, reveals little inside information other than that LBJ would have preferred Hawaii's Senator Daniel Inouye to Hubert Humphrey as his running mate in 1964. The Johnson who emerges from this affectionate memoir is avuncular, misunderstood, and anguished. But, although we see his troubled brow, we do not hear his voice.

Johnson's last months in office were excruciatingly painful. He fretted over whether to call a bombing halt in Vietnam, then fumed at the refusal of the South Vietnamese leaders to attend the Paris peace talks. He was angered by the Senate's rejection of his nomination of Abe Fortas as Chief Justice, and disappointed at Congress's failure to pass his gun-control and farm legislation. He wanted desperately to attend a summit conference in the USSR, and saw his hopes extinguished by the Soviet occupation of Czechoslovakia. The gloom grew darker still because of bitter confrontations with Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz and Interior Secretary Stewart Udall.

Even so, Johnson was not content to play the traditional lame-duck role. Indeed, he signed a final bill into law moments before he was to depart from the White House. A TV commentator described LBJ's style during this twilight period as "screaming eagle." Richard Nixon would doubtless agree. When, after meeting with Johnson, the President-elect announced he would have a veto over any policy decisions made by the outgoing Administration,

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

a 12 (*Dover Beach*), b4 (*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*), c 10 (*The Task*), d6 (*Absalom and Achitophel*), e2 (*Deserted Village*), f8 (*Paradise Lost*), g20 (*Adonais*), h 18 (*Faerie Queene*), i 16 (*Morte d'Arthur*), j 14 ("The world is too much with us").

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the President bluntly contradicted him.

Johnson, more than any President, was fascinated by the media, to the preposterous point of watching the three network news shows simultaneously, monitoring the wire-service tickers, and scanning several newspapers daily. More than one reporter who had stirred up the Johnson bile heard about it instantly.

Not surprisingly, Christian devotes an overly long part of his book to LBJ's relations with the press, allowing they were not all they could have been but contending that his boss got fairly good notices, everything considered. Christian is not acrimonious nor whiny, even when he suggests that newsmen might have interpreted the President less and believed him more. However, the author's attempts to explain away the credibility gap are less than convincing. Too often his perceptions seem regrettably refracted through the prism of loyalty. Perhaps Christian and his boss would have fared better if they had paid less attention to what the newspapers said about them.

Arthur Cooper, an associate editor of Newsweek, is currently studying politics and government on a professional scholarship at Stanford University.

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PAPILLON

by Henri Charrière
translated from the French by
June P. Wilson and
Walter Benn Michaels

Morrow, 434 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Edwin Fadiman, Jr.

■ Many years ago I remember seeing a visitor in my father's New York office. He was deeply tanned, middle-aged, and he had the whipcord conditioning of an athlete. He brought my father a gift: a collection of huge and beautiful butterflies, pinned onto snowy cotton and encased in glass. They looked like some other-worldly form of life, and in a sense they were, for they had been gathered on Devil's Island. The man's name was René Belbenoit. He had written a book called *Dry Guillotine,* the story of his years spent as a prisoner (unjustly convicted) in that terrible penal colony and of his escape. The book became a best-seller in America and in France, and was made into a tolerably good movie.

And now, some thirty years later, we have the same script by a different author. Henri Charrière bears his butterflies tattoed on his chest. He, too, was unjustly convicted of a major crime. He, too, claims to have been the first to escape from Devil's Island. He, too, has written a successful book, and titled it with his nickname.

If you are willing to concede that written and spoken language are two different modes of communication, *Papillon* is not really a book at all. And perhaps there lies much of its fascination: it is spoken record set down in print of a man's personal courage and spine-tingling adventures.

Everything is here: the horror of the penal barracks; the stench of despair; the sound of the whip on human flesh, of the pistol butt on human heads; the vastness of the open sea and the smallness of man, and the chronicle of a man who wouldn't give up.

It took Papillon almost fifteen years to escape from his prison. He made his first break in 1933, setting out on the ocean in a cockleshell boat. Fifteen hundred nautical miles later he reached Colombia, where, after an idyllic sojourn among the Guajira Indians (one of the best parts of the book, by the way), he was recaptured and returned to the *bagne.*

He tried again in 1945, on a raft made out of two coconut sacks. This time his escape was permanent. Since then, he has lived in Venezuela.

Through the mist of a rather pedestrian translation one catches the quality of the man who survived the hell of solitary confinement in a penal colony long since abolished for its brutality by the government that established it. He makes the reader share his sufferings, not with conscious art, but in the tradition of the oral story teller.

Perhaps you will finish the book wondering, as I did, how the author feels about his present existence as a well-known, rich, married man in his sixties. Life may well be as dull for him as it was for Ulysses when he finally returned to his hearth and his Penelope, unable to forget the Cave of the Cyclops, the magic song of the Sirens, the frothing water between Scylla and Charybdis. He was the first of the wanderers. Papillon's story lacks the poetry of Homer's, but it is a hell of a yarn, at the very least.

Edwin Fadiman, Jr.'s latest novel is "Who Will Watch the Watchers?"

—Reprinted from SR, August 3, 1957

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Do you mind if I go to lunch early, Professor Pavlov? I'm hungry."

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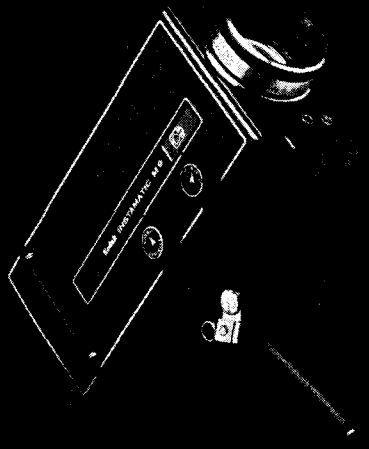

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Samuel Pepys

Continued from page 31

from the limited, primitive age in which he lived, when so much was lacking of what we take for granted. Even at thirty Pepys did not possess a watch. He lived by the church bells of London and an occasional sundial. And so did everyone else; thus very few specific appointments were ever made. Pepys drifted about from public place to public place, from coffee house to tavern, hoping to do business. Often he went to Court to confer with the Lord High Admiral, James, Duke of York, only to find that the Duke had gone hunting. Pepys never displays surprise or resentment. Time had a totally different dimension for him from what it has for us.

Pepys's London was small in another sense. The number of men and women who could afford to dress like gentry was tiny. So, dress gave the entrée—to Parliament, to the Law Courts, and to the Royal Palaces. Hence Pepys could go and view the Court at play, watch the Queen or the King at supper, and eye Lady Castlemaine, the King's mistress. Never has a court been so accessible as that of Charles in the 1660s. Its gambling, whoring, drinking, and general air of fecklessness and extravagance were common gossip. And this rightly worried Pepys. He had seen Charles I executed. He remembered all too well during the humiliations of Charles II's reign the pride that Englishmen had felt in Oliver Cromwell's success, and fears of a renewed civil war thread the pages of his journal. In this, as in so much else, Pepys conveys the feeling of his age to perfection.

Thus public and private are wonderfully intertwined. In the midst of domestic detail—a lip-smacking appreciation of a dish of udders—Charles II strolls in, as it were, with the other great ones of the time.

And so, if one has patience at the beginning, one can enter through Pepys's diary a world that at first deceives, because Pepys himself, in his interests, his tastes, his personal and social ambitions, seems so like ourselves. The realization quickly comes that he lived in a London far, far removed from the city life that we know. This gives his diary a fascination, a depth of interest, that no other journal of the time possesses. Add to this that Pepys himself was a natural writer of the highest class, and it is easy to understand why his is perhaps the greatest diary of all time. Robert Latham and William Matthews have edited it with the high scholarship it deserves, creating a fit memorial for Samuel Pepys.

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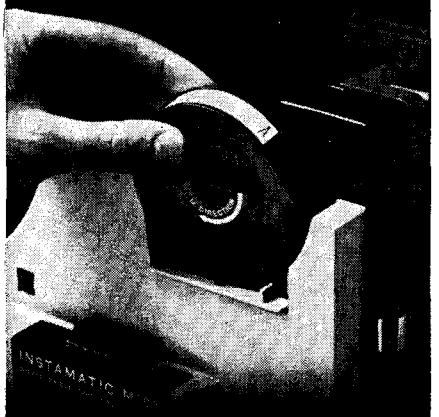

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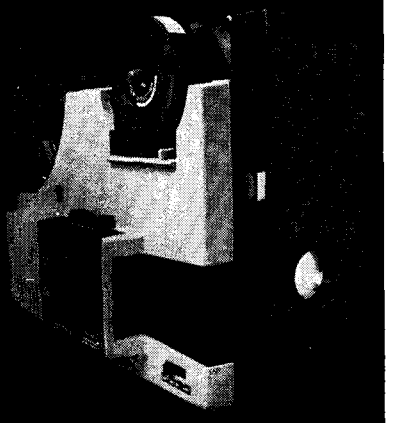

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Challenge to Cooperation

Continued from page 25

national responsibilities and unite on behalf of mankind as a whole, rather than fight for the defense of their national interests. A strengthening of the ITU is needed for that purpose.

When the ITU was created more than a century ago, it was possible to keep telecommunication management within the boundaries of each nation's territory. It was enough to have a rather loosely organized federal agency oversee problems of international coordination and standardization. Now that communications come from above and are essentially planetary, with satellites looking down on this blue and white globe, it is essential that new notions come into being, that a new philosophy for the agency be agreed upon by the member states. A proper opportunity for such reassessment will be the ITU Plenipotentiary Conference scheduled for 1973.

It was Napoleon III who, in 1865, called representatives of other emperors, kings, and princes to Paris to establish the International Telegraphic Union. In those days the telegraph line did not extend beyond the borders of the royal domain; a message would be transmitted to the frontier office, transcribed there, and handed to a messenger boy, who walked it to the foreign station across the border. Each country had its own rates, procedures, and technical standards—incompatible with those of its neighbors. Yet it proved a task of no great difficulty to establish a framework for speeding and regulating the flow of international telegraphic traffic; all that was needed was international coordination. The same techniques worked later for the telephone, radio telegraphy and telephony, and broadcasting—all achieved by persuading sovereign nations to open their territories, their air space, and their electromagnetic space to international traffic.

In 1967, the nations agreed by treaty to make no claims of possession in outer space. Consequently, we now need a new approach for the sharing of two resources that belong to the entire planet Earth: the radiomagnetic spectrum and the geostationary orbit. They are limited. Many satellites, apart from communications ones, need access to that same circle 22,300 miles above the surface of the Earth: satellites used for navigation, meteorology, Earth survey, and other purposes. Further, they all use the same frequency spectrum.

Already nations are demanding, as they did in the past for conventional radio, that frequencies and orbital positions be reserved against the day they launch their own communications satellites. ITU has 138 members and is unlikely to succeed in reconciling the conflicting views and demands of national administrations, each one duly fighting for its own needs, each mildly suspicious of the others. It is not a coordinator that is now required but a manager of mankind's domain in space. The ITU, with its century of experience, should be equipped to become this efficient manager. A profound reform, based on a new philosophy, has to take place. The world is now ready for a search, conducted by government and private organizations, to find, before 1975, the proper structure for an age of planetary interdependence.

As yet we know little about the costs of satellite broadcasting. Some estimates of "hardware" costs were laid before the U.N. Committee on the Peaceful Uses of Outer Space last year; but the "software" costs have still to be estimated, and a full-scale study is needed.

Few developing countries, or groups of countries, could afford to pay the entire bill for instituting a satellite communications system for their areas. They are likely to turn to donor countries for help, but if the money were available from multilateral rather than single-nation sources, a wider range of desirable interests could be reconciled. There are political, cultural, and social questions, as well as technical and fi-

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When someone somewhere cares, someone somewhere survives.

FRAZER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1421

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1421 will be found in the next issue.

AIATK CBHRCO YHCHA GY

BXTTREH. DXXU NAQ NRYH

QXH XMAK OCSY HXX SAOO.

—TCOEW SCOUX ANATYXQ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1420

A lady is a woman who makes a man behave like a gentleman.

—LYNES.

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nancial arrangements involved. The need for a nation to control policy must be harmonized with processes of international coordination.

On balance, it would be better if a country were able to turn to the United Nations for money and guidance. The U.N. Development Program and the World Bank have already expressed their interest in such a process, and it is to be hoped that involvement of these agencies will be systematically expanded. A wide-ranging discussion is needed now among member states on the economic problems of equipping the developing countries with the communications instruments they need, and a financial plan for world communications must be drawn up to give the required directives to U.N. agencies. Some surveys already have been made at the joint initiative of UNESCO and ITU. They include studies of Latin America's Spanish-speaking countries, as well as Brazil, India, and Pakistan. The Arab-speaking countries are being surveyed now, and Indonesia is scheduled for next year.

Among the communications requirements that must be considered in such a world plan are the needs of the United Nations. At one point during the Congo crisis, U.N. headquarters was out of touch with its field commanders for twenty-four hours due to atmospheric interference with its shortwave facilities. In other peacekeeping operations, although there were no breakdowns, there were quite serious delays. An organization whose purpose is to maintain international peace and security must possess the highest reliability in communications. It must be capable of instantaneous contact with its peacekeeping missions and offices abroad. Such essential requirements cannot be met practically by any communications system based, as now, on terrestrial shortwave radio.

An era when nations live to themselves in closed-communication communities is coming to an end. For those educated in the nineteenth-century tradition that made communicating the privilege of an elite, this may be frightening. But for the new generation that realizes the extent of the communications explosion, problems will be easier to solve with a new style of public life, with new communications patterns among men, among governments and their peoples, among nations that now must learn to live as neighbors in a global society.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 53: hank, khan, ankh.

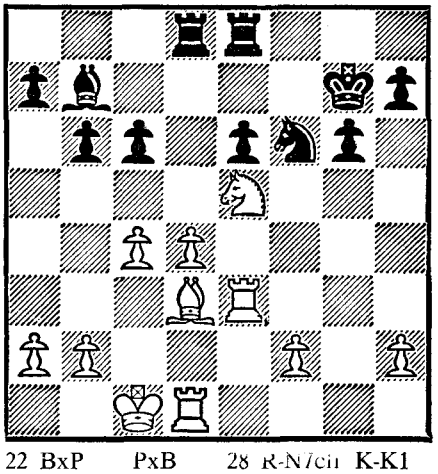
Chess Corner No. 157

The average sparkling brilliancy is triggered by a piece "sack," and after a boom, boom, boom, for as many men laid out on the ranks, files, and diagonals, a sinister plot ends in a sense of elation. Rarely indeed is there a close positional predicament where queens have been swapped and attrition will lead to easy equality in which a full minor man is consigned to oblivion to inject new life into a fading setting.

In the appended Queen's Gambit Declined, Bill Addison vs. Norman Wood, from the 1969 California championship, the game takes the surprise tack. A quiet and peaceful deployment conceals a conception, to violently expose the enemy king. On White's twenty-second turn, he immolates a bishop to set up a mating net. Curiously and appearances to the contrary, Black not only is discombobulated but must return the booty. Then, and only then, is White ready for the process of attrition, to reduce the contour to its skeletal construction, a couple of puny pawns plus. Puny pawns, however, do not always remain puny.

Queen's Gambit Declined

	Addison **White**	Wood **Black**		Addison **White**	Wood **Black**
1	P-Q4	N-KB3	11	BxB	QxB
2	P-QB4	P-K3	12	QxP	B-N2
3	N-QB3	P-Q4	13	B-Q3	N-B3
4	B-N5	B-K2	14	Q-R4	KR-K1
5	P-K3	O-O	15	KR-K1	QR-Q1
6	N-B3	P-B3	16	R-K3	P-N3
7	Q-B2	QN-Q2	17	P-KN4	K-N2
8	O-O-O	P-QN3	18	P-N5	N-R4
9	P-K4	NxP	19	N-K5	P-B3
10	NxN	PxN	20	PxPch	QxP
			21	QxQch	NxQ



22	BxP	PxB	28	R-N7ch	K-K1
23	R-N1	N-Q2	29	RxN	RxR/6
24	RxPch	K-B1	30	RxRch	KxR
25	R-B3ch	K-K2	31	NxR	K-K2
26	P-B5	PxP	32	K-Q2	K-B3
27	PxP	R-KB1	33	K-K3	B-R3
			34	K-Q4	Resigns

—Al Horowitz.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1907

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Structure designed to command a view	105 122 205 58 68 75 77 82 87
B. Pip's benefactor ("Great Expectations")	121 124 162 1 24 33 42 52
C. Beverage related to Calvados	65 84 90 3 36 71 108 193 19
D. Break out anew	23 39 63 78 195 103 106 114 201 20
E. County in NW Scotland; coat with a cape	41 70 109 131 138 143 168 185 196
F. Resort on Osaka Bay, site of Kobe Women's College	209 7 14 35 83 125 133 182 202 31 37
G. League for maintaining a shrine in ancient Greece	137 187 45 64 110 22 51 73 92 163 200
H. Dispirited, dejected	99 107 119 127 165 171 13 16 46 184
I. Naval station of Kent	27 97 157 166 180 189 9
J. Quality or state of being rash or impulsive	115 38 48 53 81 128 136 156 161 190 204
K. "Now walk the angels—— of heaven." (3 wds.; Marlowe, "Conquests of Tamburlaine")	15 44 96 130 145 5 28 49 57 104
L. Shut out, blank, skunk	118 140 142 153 170 102 183 55 191
M. Swedish village known for crystal and glassware	17 40 79 89 179 47 100 117
N. Lumber and mining center on Lake Nipissing, Ontario (2 wds.)	174 18 112 144 154 135 194 80
O. French encyclopedist and philosopher (1713-84)	88 175 198 56 120 72 150
P. Wandered aimlessly	146 2 54 199 29 69 95
Q. Put aside temporarily; postponed; inactive (3 wds.)	101 176 8 67 94 129 167 197 30 76
R. Modernize	62 147 169 10 25 59
S. Progress or advance in any field	66 91 149 172 123 155 11 210
T. "Joy, ——, Joy": Walt Whitman poem	60 6 26 188 61 12 34 151
U. Thinks, conceives	206 21 173 32 4 74 85
V. The constellation Columba (2 wds.)	134 164 113 86 160 126 111 207 98
W. Unstable, flighty; dizzy	177 208 132 152 186
X. Simple way of escape, as from an embarrassing situation (2 wds.)	50 43 158 192 178 181 116
Y. Delay, restrain, slow up	148 141 203 159 93 139

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

	1 B	2 P	3 C	4 U		5 K	6 T	7 F	8 Q	9 I	10 R	11 S		12 T	13 H	14 F
15 K		16 H	17 M	18 N	19 C	20 D	21 U		22 G	23 D	24 B	25 R	26 T	27 I	28 K	29 P
30 Q	31 F		32 U	33 B		34 T	35 F	36 C		37 F	38 J	39 D	40 M	41 E	42 B	43 X
44 K		45 G	46 H	47 M	48 J	49 K	50 X		51 G	52 B	53 J	54 P	55 L	56 O	57 K	58 A
59 R	60 T		61 T	62 R	63 D	64 G		65 C	66 S		67 Q	68 A		69 P	70 E	71 C
72 O	73 G	74 U	75 A		76 Q	77 A	78 D	79 M	80 N		81 J	82 A	83 F	84 C	85 U	
86 V	87 A		88 O	89 M	90 C	91 S	92 G	93 Y	94 Q	95 P		96 K	97 I	98 V		99 H
100 M	101 Q	102 L	103 D	104 K		105 A	106 D	107 H	108 C	109 E	110 G	111 V	112 N		113 V	114 D
	115 J	116 X		117 M	118 L	119 H	120 O	121 B	122 A	123 S		124 B	125 F	126 V		127 H
128 J	129 Q	130 K	131 E	132 W		133 F	134 V		135 N	136 J	137 G	138 E	139 Y		140 L	141 Y
	142 L	143 E	144 N	145 K	146 P	147 R	148 Y	149 S	150 O	151 T	152 W		153 L	154 N	155 S	156 J
	157 I	158 X		159 Y		160 V	161 J	162 B	163 G		164 V	165 H		166 I	167 Q	168 E
	169 R	170 L	171 H	172 S	173 U	174 N	175 O	176 Q	177 W		178 X	179 M		180 I	181 X	182 F
183 L	184 H		185 E	186 W	187 G	188 T	189 I	190 J	191 L	192 X		193 C	194 N	195 D	196 E	197 Q
198 O		199 P	200 G		201 D	202 F	203 Y	204 J		205 A	206 U	207 V	208 W	209 F	210 S	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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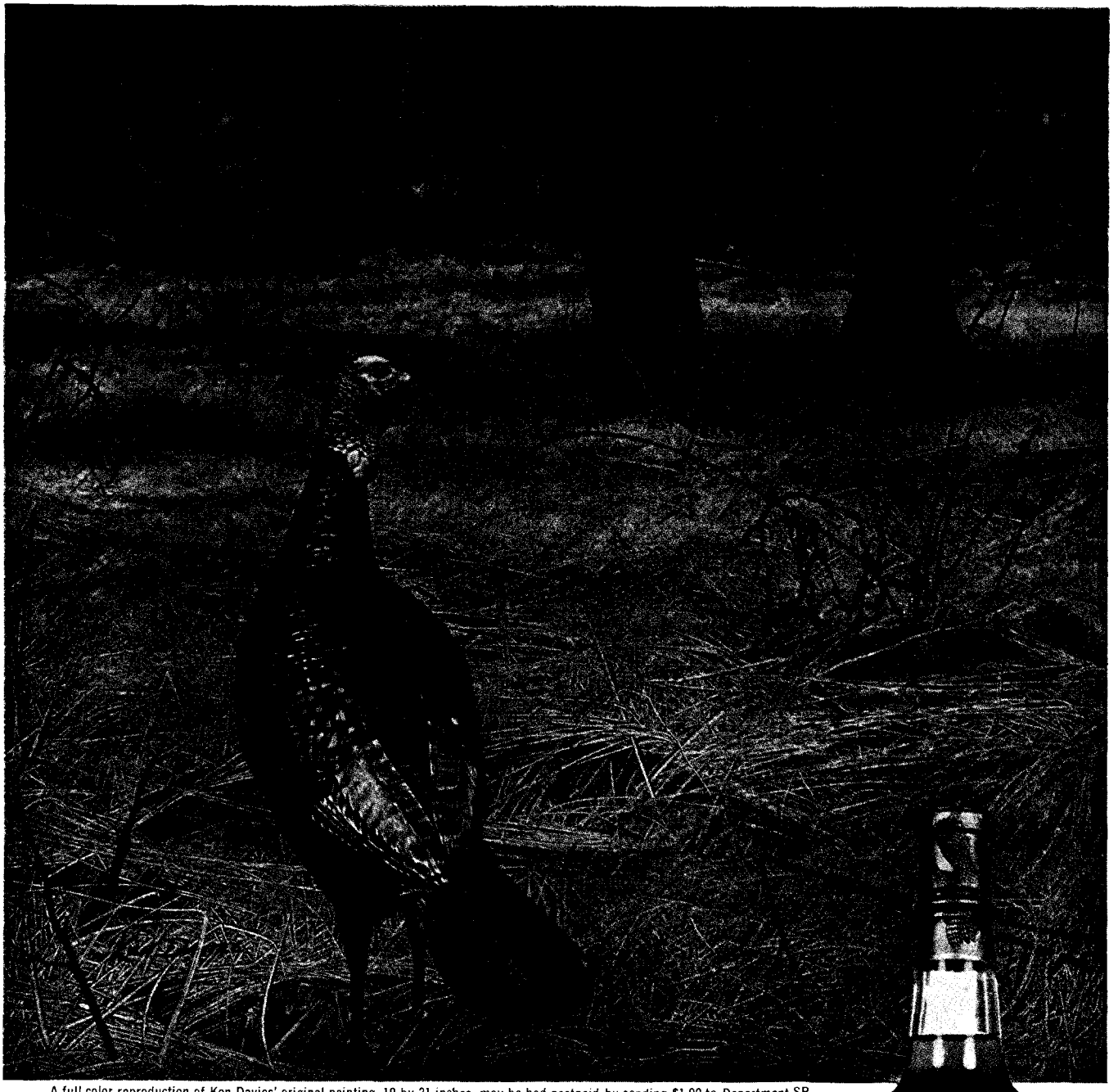

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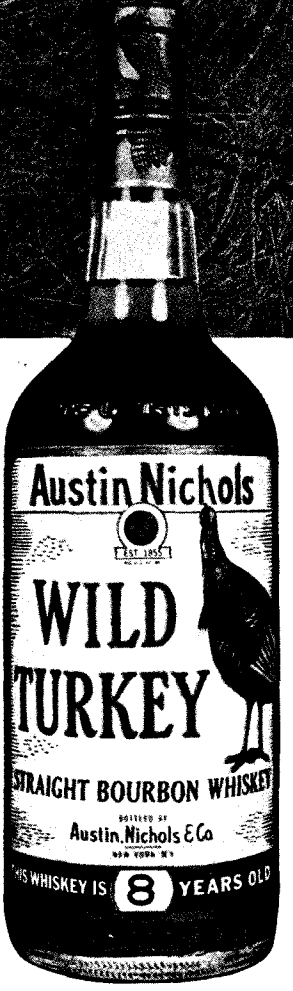

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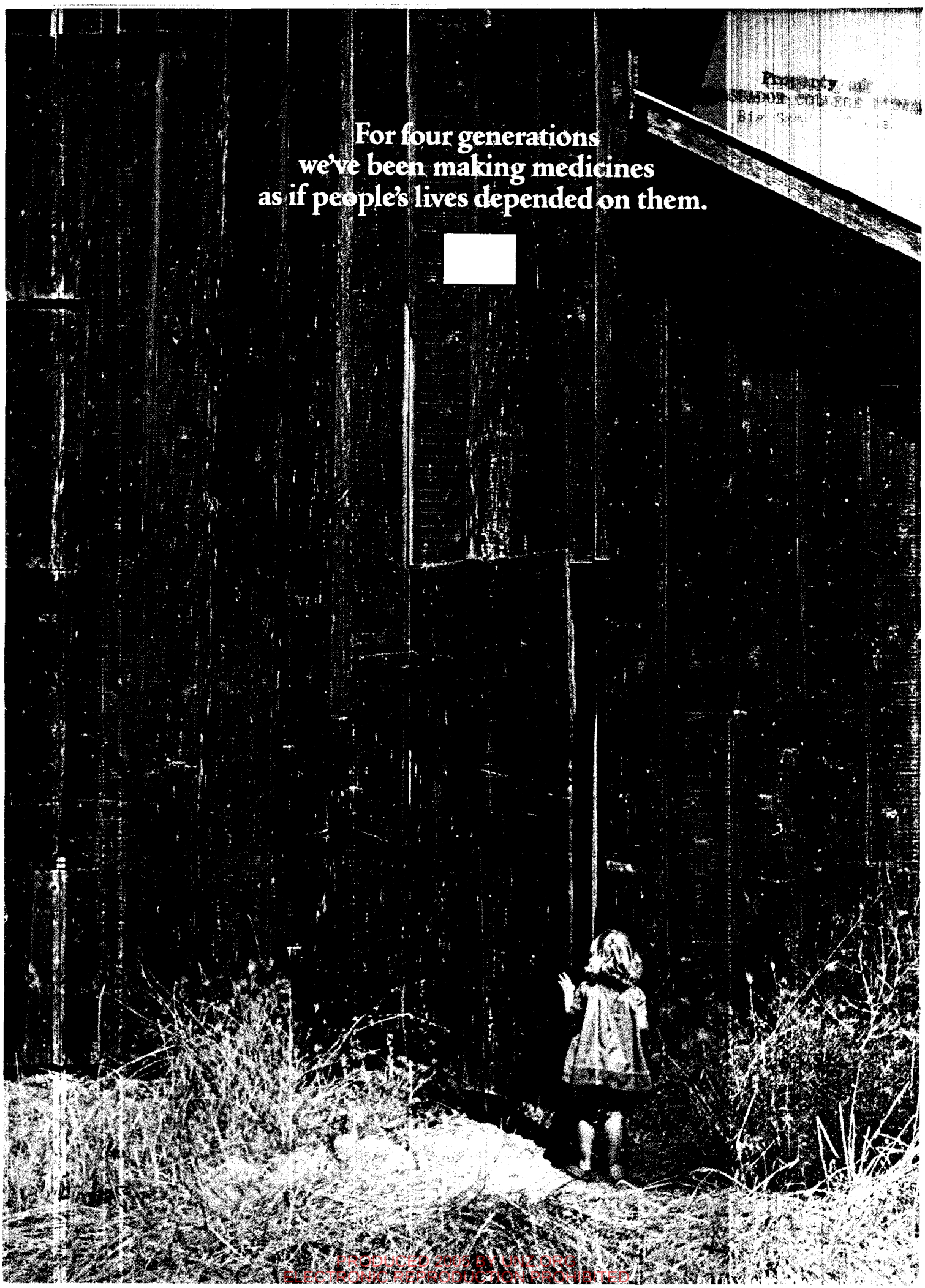

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